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HEARING ON PAPER.

MOST young musicians aspiring to become composers experience a rude shock to their ardor when confronted at the very outset of their studies with what, in some cases, proves to be a long-life obstacle to the free and satisfactory exercise of whatever powers of musical productiveness they may happen to possess, that difficulty arising from the absolute necessity of so educating the eye that it shall in time be able to act as a sort of intermediary between the organ of hearing and the musical sounds which form the subject matter of their art. "Hearing on paper" is manifestly quite an artificial process. With some individuals, its acquirement seems next door to an impossibility, while in few cases has the power been arrived at without much assiduous practice and hard work. Even when the mind has become fairly habituated to the association of written signs with their corresponding sounds, the battle is found to have been only half won after all. If the mental impression, as often happens, is not sufficiently vivid, if the sounds thus raised are but the ghost of sounds, thin and colorless, the attempted composition is sure to be colorless, too. One way of evading the trouble will, as a matter of course, occur to every beginner. "Why not," he is almost sure to ask, "endeavor to realize immediately any musical thought that occurs by playing it first upon some keyed instrument, such as the piano, and then when all is clear commit it to paper?" A plausible notion, but, nevertheless, with some exceptions, to which we shall presently advert, a delusion. Extempore playing and sustained serious composition, though one may often serve as a stimulus and help to the other, are widely different things, and there are good reasons why a judicious teacher will urge upon his pupil the desirableness of endeavoring from the first to think and express his thoughts without having recourse to the piano. Free scope of his imagination is sure otherwise to be impeded by one of two causes, either, that is, by the limited nature of the musical effects properly belonging to the instrument itself, or, secondly, by difficulties of a purely technical and mechanical kind. Rare, indeed, are the cases where the composer is also a virtuoso, gifted with so consummate a mastery over the resources of his instrument that brain and fingers are in complete accord, so that ideas passing through the one become instantaneously transmitted and rendered by the other. In proportion as this is not the case will the fancy, cramped and hampered by executive exigencies, be apt to run in grooves, and to depend upon such passages as unconsciously acquired habit have made specially familiar and easy to the player. The ideal composer, then, is one who is able to realize the whole domain of sound without extraneous aid, who plays upon the ruled staff on musical paper precisely as a performer plays upon his instrument; to whose mind's ear, in short, every dot he sets down not so much represents as is a vivid, clearly defined sound. Similarly, when writing for the orchestra, the timbre and individual peculiarity of every separate instrument, as well as the general effect of every combination, will for him possess a distinct objective reality.

All this, no doubt, is presupposing a very high degree of musical culture; and the number of those who thus enjoy perfect command over the course, arrangement and development of their ideas may be said to be just the number of composers belonging to the very foremost rank. How, then, is this happy independence to be acquired, or even approximated, in the case of ordinary mortals? Young composers may be recommended that in the

course of contrapuntal study, laid down by past masters of the science—a study which, as a means of preliminary discipline, will never, it may be safely said, become obsolete, whatever relaxation of its rules may be tolerated in the modern freer style—they have ready to hand exercises for familiarizing both eye and ear, first with the simplest combinations, and, in due time, by progressive steps, with the most complex. By means of these exercises, they will be enabled to attain, within the limits of their natural endowments, the desired mastery over what may be called the composer's stock-in-trade, provided always they resolutely eschew the aid of the piano while writing. The question is worth considering by teachers, how long it is desirable to limit their pupil's work to the artificial restrictions of the diatonic style. For there is always a fear that, after learning to shudder at the infringement of rules, which in a later stage are to be no rules, the ear may be permanently mis-trained to the slavish observance of a narrow and obsolete code. In what has been said there is, of course, no desire to underrate the value of the piano at certain moments and under certain conditions, both to students and to ripe composers. The ways of the latter when at work seem to differ in one respect. From all we can learn, it may be presumed that Mozart heard music first in the mind and then committed it to paper. Beethoven, on the other hand, judging from the number of rough notes he used to jot down at odd intervals, as evidenced for example in the well-known elaborate "Sketches," edited by Nottebohm—may be called a composer of musico-literary habit, accustomed to think on paper. In the case of both, as indeed of most great composers, the piano was their cherished companion, and the source of some of their happiest inspirations; but the breadth of effect and freedom of treatment by which their productions were distinguished were the result of work done independently of the piano, and could never have been achieved had they not also possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the faculty of "hearing on paper."—FRANZ HUEFFER.

ANECDOTES OF HANDEL AND HAYDN.

IN his younger years, Handel was a man of violent temperament, and only after the loss of his eye-sight did he become tractable, or, more properly, docile. In his furious moods he did not hesitate to lay violent hands upon those who opposed his imperious will. While director of the royal opera in England it became his unenviable lot to make up the cast of the opera which he composed. His singers were exceedingly obstinate and jealousy reigned supreme, and disagreeable *entre-actes* were common. Handel's severe manner and broken English seldom healed matters. On a particular occasion his prima donna positively refused to sing the part allotted her, and without much ado the composer of the "Messiah" lifted her up and threatened to throw her from the window. It is needless to say that she yielded to this argument.

It is also told of Handel that when asked his opinion of certain compositions of a contemporary, he examined them over night, and then hung the manuscript out of his window. The horror-stricken admirer of Handel, who had come full of high expectations, was consoled with the remark that they needed a little "air," and he tried to remedy the defect in the quickest way possible. Not so bad a pun for a foreigner!

Haydn, the contemporary of Handel, lived in a very quiet and unostentatious manner. It was his duty to write a composition every morning and

then direct the orchestra that played it. Whenever this constant drain exhausted his prolific mind, he was wont to renew its energies by pacing up and down his apartments and muttering a prayer for every bead on his rosary. Is it strange that much of his music is heavenly?

A very pleasant anecdote is told of the friendly rivalry between Handel and Haydn, which, though it may be the outgrowth of pure imagination, is yet too good to be lost. It is, accordingly, related that they made a wager that neither could write a composition for the pianoforte so difficult that the other could not play it from sight. It did not require much time for these prolific composers to complete their work, nor did Haydn hesitate a moment in playing Handel's work.

Handel attacked the young Maestro's effusion with his accustomed confidence, but soon came to a dead halt. The left hand was required to strike a full chord in the lowest base keys, while the right was similarly chained to the utmost upper end; while there, in the middle of the piano, without a possibility of reaching it, was another note required to be struck, simultaneously. "That can not be played!" exclaimed the irritated Handel. "O, yes it can," replied complacent Haydn. The more the former investigated and experimented, the more firmly he became convinced that the feat was impossible. "Let me see you play it," cried Handel in despair, upon the repeated assertions of Haydn that it could. Smiling complacently, the composer of the "Creation" sat down and commenced playing. When he came to the disputed passage, he played the chords with his hands, an easy feat, and struck the note in the middle of the key-board with his nose! Handel paid the bet.

LISZT AND CHOPIN.

IT was at Nahant, and in the early spring, when the evenings are just smiling into twilight. Liszt and Chopin, among many other celebrities, were guests at the hospitable house of the author of "Valvedre," and it was their custom after dinner for every one to listen for a few minutes to some inspiration of Liszt or Chopin, played in the dark.

One morning a discussion arose between the two giants as to which was the greater. Liszt made good his claim to immortality with great eloquence, and after he had done, Chopin simply remarked: "Of course you are a great man, but I am still greater than you, for I can imitate your finest inspiration perfectly, whereas I defy you to imitate me."

Liszt openly avowed that he could not imitate the great "Frederic," but at the same time offered to bet that he himself could not be imitated, as his current of thought changed from day to day, and he expressed himself on the piano-forte according to the inspiration of the moment. Chopin took the bet, nobody being present but the two great men and one other.

The following evening after dinner every one, as was the custom, sat in silence in the music-room, waiting for one of the two great musicians to play.

Suddenly a grand theme began, brilliant but pathetic: passion in the bass, and a fervent response in the treble; and then a grand dominant that stilled and overcame all, followed by a glorious flight of melody that seemed to ask for pardon, and then die away in regret!

"Bravo, Liszt! every one cried; how you give yourself in your music. That is one of your finest inspirations! Who could mistake it?"

Poor Liszt came trembling up to George Sand, and said, "Madame, it is not I; it is Chopin playing! He must be a god!"

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WELL-KNOWN characteristic of savages and children—a sure badge of undeveloped mentality, in other words—is the love of noise for its own sake. It may be somewhat difficult to determine whether certain young men who frequent concerts apparently for no other purpose than to applaud when everyone else has ceased applauding, should be classed as infants or savages. At any rate, they are idiotic in their demonstrations and mentally imbecile. The worst thing about this senseless applause is, that it is sometimes taken up by a certain good-natured but not very discriminating element, to be found in all popular audiences, and leads to meaningless recalls and tedious *encores*. We are not of those who begrudge the artist the compliment of a recall, when it is deserved, or who blame an audience for asking, or an artist for granting, an encore on proper occasions, but these cane-sucking, hair-parted-in-the-middle young men always applaud most vociferously what tallies with their tastes, i. e., the worst of every programme. We fear it is impossible to find a radical remedy against this evil, yet something could be done toward diminishing its extent if the sensible people in concert audiences were to keep silence and let the stupid *claqueurs* be made prominent by their loneliness. If this will not do it, then must American audiences claim and exert the right of expressing by vigorous hisses their condemnation of unworthy performances. To be made to endure two appearances of the average amateur singer or instrumental performer, is terrible—so much so that we should consider the killing of the causers of such inflictions as “justifiable homicide.”

IS it not a fact that there is a great deal of needlessly dry teaching of music? Of course, there are many things about music which, in themselves, are dry, and yet must be taught, if any real progress is to be made. Even these, however, can be invested with some degree of interest for intelligent students, if their ultimate purpose is explained and as far as possible exemplified. A student's “why?” is as fair a question in music as in mathematics, and should be answered, we shall not say with the same exactness, for that is not often possible, but with the same readiness. To answer a question concerning the wherefore of anything in music as if it were foolish or impertinent, is always to discourage a pupil, for he must put one of two constructions upon the answer:

either that there is no reason for the rule he is asked to obey, which will diminish his respect for music, or that his teacher is an ignoramus who does not know the reasons of what he mechanically teaches, which will lower the instructor and his instruction in his estimation. When, as is generally the case, the teacher's own ignorance is at the bottom of the neglect or refusal of explanations, it is perhaps as well that the latter conclusion should be reached by the pupil, since it is correct and may lead him to change his incompetent instructor for a better one, but there are doubtless many cases where the instructor knows, but refuses an explanation because he thinks that it would be of no use at that stage. It should never be forgotten, however, that when a pupil seeks information, then is the time to give it, if at all possible, for then is the time when what is imparted will be retained. Even if the pupil is not sufficiently advanced to understand the explanation in all its details, it is better to give it to him, and let him understand what he can of it, leaving to a later date a second explanation which will round out the knowledge already acquired, than to lose the opportunity to fix in his mind something of importance, at the time when the mind's receptivity is excited by curiosity.

ARTISTIC ATMOSPHERES.

HANKIND are universally endowed, in some degree, with the art feeling, which is but another name for the sense of the beautiful, and with the art impulse, which is the desire to give expression to the conceptions of beauty, whether evolved from the soul, as in music and poetry, or constructed from the elements originally furnished by the perception of outward objects, as in painting and sculpture. There is, however, a vast difference between the coarse statuary of Egypt and the masterpieces of a Michael Angelo or a Praxiteles, between the gaudy and childish paintings of China and those which adorn the walls of European and American art galleries, between the rude song of the plantation negro and the works of a Beethoven, a Verdi, or a Gounod. In other words, the difference between the potentialities of the seed and the realities of the full-grown plant, crowned with blossoms and nodding in the breeze and sunshine, is so great, that one has to stop and reason about the matter before he can convince himself that the disparity is one of degree rather than of kind, of development rather than of intrinsic character. Indeed, there are those who, adopting the pseudo-philosophical method of explaining all diversities of tastes and intellectual development by referring them to race or national characteristics, claim that the differences we have noted are differences of kind, based upon differences of blood. If, however, we examine the infant art of peoples widely separated ethnically and chronologically, we must be struck by the great similarity in the art-expression of tribes and nations which have no ethnical or known historical connection. The rude idols of uncivilized peoples, wherever found, have an unmistakable family resemblance; the strong contrasts of color, the startling and gaudy, with little regard to symmetry of form or harmony of hues, characterize the pictorial art of barbarous nations of all ages and climes, and the irregular minor chants of the Indian, the Kaffir and the Malay bear so close a resemblance to each other that it is doubtful whether European ears could distinguish any difference in their respective styles. We do not mean to deny that some races are more intellectual than others; that, for instance, the greatest art-works are the product of the Caucasian race, nor even to discuss how far this superiority may be due to the influ-

ences of heredity, but we think the facts we have alluded to above, and others of a similar nature, strongly tend to show, if they do not positively establish, that the condition of art at any time, and among any nation, in other words, its rate of growth, is determined by the degree of civilization which the nation may have attained. We say *the nation*, we mean by that either the nation as a whole, or the classes in which the artist moves, for no mere man has ever been far ahead of his time and associates. Even genius of the highest order is subject to the influence of its surroundings. Great artists are always the topmost flowers upon a blooming stalk, and the same forces that have produced them have also brought forth the less conspicuous blossoms which attend them. We should, however, probably have said that *the degree of intellectual development* determines the rate of art-growth, rather than as we did, “the degree of civilization,” for the reason that, by *civilization*, many understand material improvement rather than intellectual progress, forgetful of the fact that, in the words of the poet:

“Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of art,
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must rise above
the mart.”

Homer's contemporaries knew nothing about the telegraph, and, for that reason, some of our modern utilitarians might not consider them civilized; but they had sufficient cultivation of the mind, sufficient intellectual development, to enable them to appreciate, and preserve for future generations, the master works of his poetic soul.

If the feelings and powers from which art springs are universal, it cannot be denied that, even among the cultivated nations, art, even of the highest type, takes on a local coloring. That is another proof of the fact that great artists also are part and parcel of the place and age in which they live, and tends to establish the fact that art is, under proper conditions, the spontaneous outgrowth of intelligent society, and the expression of that society's ideas of beauty. Truly great art-works cannot, therefore, be the product of a society whose ideas of beauty lack intellectual and moral elevation. If sensuality surrounds the artist, his work will partake of its grossness and we will look in vain for grand, soul-inspiring results. We may have the finished frescoes of Pompeii, but not the madonnas of Raphael. The artist stands on the pinnacle of the intellectual life of the society to which he belongs, but if that “pinnacle” is a rotten stump in the midst of an intellectual bog, however tall he may be, his horizon will be limited, and his work will reproduce the scenery of the bog or reflect its influences. An artist is but a man, influenced by his surroundings—indeed, usually an impressionable man, more than ordinarily influenced by them. If, on the one hand, he lives among ideals, it must not be forgotten that, upon the other, his nature feeds upon the appreciation and sympathies of his contemporaries, whose tastes and feelings, thus necessarily, and even unconsciously, influence his own, and, through them, reproduce themselves in his work. This is particularly true of music, which, of all the arts, furnishes the most immediate expression to the sentiments of the soul. The painter, in copying some of nature's great works, may produce, or reproduce, works whose character shall not be greatly influenced by the intellectual and moral conditions in which he lives; but the musician, whose work has no prototype in nature, will necessarily put into his work what is in his soul. What we have just said explains why a nation's art becomes a criterion, not only of the degree of skill of its artists, but also of the intellectual development and moral bias of its advanced classes.

Art in general and music in particular, then, demand for their best development, besides the technical skill which schooling and practice alone can

give, an atmosphere of high intellectual and moral culture; of culture for culture's sake, and not merely as a means of obtaining material wealth. In this country, we have, as is probably natural in a new empire, a civilization that is utilitarian and materialistic in its tendencies. So long as this is so, it will be useless for us to expect the production of great art-works. There are, however, bright spots here and there, where a more elevated standard of civilization is established, and we think it will not be very many years before that higher standard shall have been generally recognized and adopted by our people. Our colleges and seminaries, a large proportion of the press and the intelligent portion of the pulpit are, in their several ways, creating an atmosphere in which the fine arts can live and thrive. We may yet live to see an era of American art that shall equal the best that Europe has had. In the meantime, let us go on, each in our own way, endeavoring to contribute our mite towards establishing the proper conditions for the development of art generally, and especially of the most refined and purest of them all—music.

SHAKSPEARE'S BALLADS AND SONGS.

N SHORT time ago, the members of the British Royal Archaeological Institute visited Coventry, Eng., where they were conducted over the many fine old buildings with which the city of the three spires abounds by the well-known antiquary, Mr. W. G. Fretton. In the evening, at the Municipal Buildings, Leamington, an interesting paper on "Shakspearean Ballads and Songs" was read by Mr. Walter Rowley, Secretary to the Antiquarian section. He said that if Shakspeare had not written dramas, he would still have been known as the greatest poet of his time. Johnson had truly described him as "above all writers, the poet of nature," a poet who held up a true mirror of manners and life. He drew his scenes from nature, and, as nature never changed, he was "not of an age, but for all time." His material he drew from the amusements and feelings of the people, in contradistinction to the artificiality of his contemporaries. In nothing was this shown more than in his love of the ballads and songs of the people; upon these he founded many of his best plays. Ballads in his day were a power in the land. They recorded the story of every-day life, and their vitality was shown by the fact that many of them had lived down to our own time, while the works of many of the minor poets were deservedly forgotten. Mr. Rowley said that in preparing this paper he had had the advantage of access to the very valuable and unique collection of old English ballads and songs made by Mr. Frank Kitson, of Leeds, and, in fact, it was that circumstance which suggested to his mind the importance of examining the relationship of Shakspeare's plays to the ballads and songs of the period. Many of the songs appearing in his works were written by Shakspeare himself, and of those it was superfluous to observe that they were excellent specimens of song-writing. Where, for example, could they find a finer example of a love-song than that in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Who is Silvia? what is she?" or the one in "Love's Labor Lost," beginning with the line "If she be made of white and red." Then, there was that charming lyric in "Measure for Measure"—"Take, oh take those lips away!" Having spoken of Shakspeare's love of natural scenery and his felicitous powers of description, as evidenced in such pastoral poetry as "When daisies pied and violets blue," and "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," and having shown that Shakspeare had been indebted to street ballads for the plots of his greatest plays, Mr. Rowley went on to say that Shakspeare was particularly fond of peasant songs, as could be seen on reference to his plays. The old popular air of "Green Sleeves" was referred to in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." The play of "Hamlet" was rich in snatches of old songs, many of which were sung by Ophelia, and some by the Gravedigger. The song, "How should I my true love know?" was probably a fragment of a song popular long before Shakspeare's time, and was sung to a beautiful air set to a song in the "Beggars' Opera" in 1728. Another song of a similar cast was given to Desdemona, prefaced by the very fitting prelude, "My mother had a maid called Bar-

bara." The burden of one song, "Willow, willow," was common to many old ballads of a sentimental character. In "Othello" there was a fragment of what appeared to have been a merry drinking song, and it was a matter of regret that there was not more of it. After referring to other evidences revealed in Shakspeare's plays of taste for ballads and utilization of them, Mr. Rowley observed that the poet's works were always interesting and beautiful, none the less so when examined by the light of the ballads and sweet songs, and incidentally noticed Mr. Donnelly's vain attempt to convince them that Shakspeare was not Shakspeare at all, but Bacon. The subject served to remind them, as they gathered round the hearth and home of Shakspeare, how graphically the national character of a people was portrayed in ballad and song. Songs, however, differed from ballads—the former being characterized by a sentiment, the other being narrative; but both exercised great influence upon the social and moral life of a nation. It in no degree diminished the greatness of Shakspeare that he was in a measure indebted to the ballads and songs of his time. He wisely took subjects that appealed to the feelings of the people, but by the force of his inimitable genius he clothed the ideas in his own garb.—*Musical Standard*.

HOW CORNETS ARE MADE.

W ONDERFUL strides in the manufacture of cornets have been made by the instrument makers of this country in the last few years. Although the handiwork of the most famous European cornet makers is still imported, the instruments of domestic manufacture are said to equal in all respects the best abroad. The demand for cornets in this country is three times as great as it was twenty years ago, and this has spurred on the American makers, until they are able to furnish instruments that are as perfect in tone, shape and appearance as foreign cornets. Such renowned cornetists as Levy, Stoddard and others use American instruments. The largest cornet makers in this country are located in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Elkhart, Ind.

One of the makers in this city described to a reporter the process of cornet manufacture. Brass is the principal metal used, and only the best quality is employed.

The utmost care must be taken with the parts of a perfect instrument. The least imperfection impairs the tone and value of the cornet. The first step in the manufacture is the cutting off of a strip of plain sheet brass. This is rolled until the edges come together, forming a round tube. The seam is brazed with hard solder, and a steel rod of the exact diameter that is desired for the bore of the tube is inserted. Then the tube, with its steel core, is drawn by steam power through a steel die, from which it emerges perfectly round inside and out. This process is called "cold drawing," and the quality of the instrument depends in a measure on its success.

The next step—the bending of the tube to form the slides and pipes of the cornet—is an exceedingly difficult one. The thin tube will not stand the strain of bending into the different shapes required without being reinforced. This is done by plugging one end, and filling the tube with molten lead. This makes it like a solid bar, and makes the bending possible without injury to the brass. When entirely cool, the tube is placed upon an iron bending table, and with a heavy iron lever it is slowly bent around an iron block. When the right form has been obtained, the tube is placed on an iron grate over a fire, and slowly heated. As it grows hot, the lead melts and runs into a bath, where it is kept for future use. The next step is a delicate one, and is the making of the "bell," or large end of the instrument. A sheet of brass is cut in the shape of a segment of a circle, and the edges brazed together, forming a cornucopia. This is placed over a smooth steel model and hammered with wooden mallets until it is of the required shape. It is now placed in a lathe and spun true, and the outer edge turned over a small tinued wire. The bell is then reversed on the lathe and the inside of the cone is burnished while revolving rapidly. The test of the burnished bell being true is that while revolving it cannot be seen to move.

The manufacture of the valves which produce the notes is a very interesting process. The valves are short pieces of brass tubing, which must fit airtight into the short tubes at the side of the cornet.

They must move smoothly up and down in the short tubes to let in and shut off the stream of air impelled along the tubing from the lips of the performer. Holes are cut at certain distances along the inner pipe, and the valves soldered on with hard solder. A powerful gas blow-pipe is used for this work, and the solder is made to run into the crevices like water. When this is done, the pistons and valves are lined with hard metal on the inside to prevent the corrosion of the brass from the moisture in the breath of the performer. When the valves are completed, the different parts of the instrument are soldered together, and the finishing touches of polishing, "buffing" and engraving complete the work.—*N.Y. Mail and Express*.

BELLS AND THEIR TONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

N OTHING is more perplexing to the analytical ear, than the sounds produced by a peal of bells. Indeed it is often impossible to determine the actual notes produced. A bell when tuned, in order to be "true," must be in harmony with itself, in other words the "harmonics" must be accurate. But, it often happens that when these conditions are fulfilled, the keynote is undistinguishable, especially when atmospheric conditions are unfavorable.

The "harmonics" produced by a stroke of the hammer are the octave, quint and tierce. If these overtones combine properly, the keynote should be satisfactory. Such secondary intervals can be obtained apart from the key note by the following method. For the octave tap it on the top near the curve; for the quint, tap it one-quarter distance from the top; for the tierce, repeat the process two quarters and a half from the top. If struck just above the rim, where the clapper operates, these three harmonic notes sound simultaneously and produce the consonant, or keynote of the bell.

This test is, however, by no means reliable, as in calculating the result obtained, one important note, which dominates is overlooked. This is technically known as the "drone," or "hum" note. Indeed, the two prominent characteristics of bell tone are the keynote and the drone. This drone in the case of European bells is usually productive of the octave below the keynote and in American bells, a major or minor sixth below. From the fact that the drone is heard long after the keynote has ceased to be discernible, the pitch of the bell often loses its identity.

When heard at a distance, sometimes the keynote is most prominent and at others the drone, hence the tonality is so disturbed that its real character often eludes the ear. Air currents also have the effect of aggravating this defect. When in the immediate neighborhood of the bells, the drone is invariably heard as the predominant note, and its obstinate continuity causes a peculiar jangle when a peal is rung as the natural result of conflicting vibrations, of varied intensity and origin.

Distance in this case "lends enchantment to the ear" as the war of harmonics becomes inaudible, but nevertheless the drone perceptibly displaces the keynote.

Concurrent vibrations in order to blend satisfactorily and produce a concordant effect must have an assimilative tonal basis. When "chimes" are rung, the notes follow each other closely, and as they "speak" slowly, the overtones are mingled in inextricable confusion.

Bad pianists sometimes produce a similar effect by injudicious use of the loud pedal. In this case the remedy lies within their reach, but "dampers" cannot be applied to instantaneously check the vibrations of bells, and if it were possible, their tonal characteristics would cease to exist were their free utterance thus interfered with.

But the weird and fascinating clangour that issues from the belfry tower will always exercise a peculiar charm on the listening ear, although it is the result of acoustic imperfections.

It cannot be denied either that bells fulfill their allotted mission in connection with some of the most important in life in a thoroughly appropriate manner, and does not Tennyson's poetic appeal to them on the last night of the old year awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of all?

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky
The flying cloud, the frosty light
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

—*Et.*

EMOTIONAL IN MUSIC AND ITS RELATION TO PIANISM.

[Read before the Ohio Music Teachers' Association.]

MUSIC is pre-eminently the product and language of thought and emotion. Its mission is to express the thousand and one exalted emotions of the human heart. Our life, from the cradle to the grave, is a continuous chain of emotions. The history of our emotions is tantamount to the history of our inner lives, of our souls. The "*Gnothi seauton*" ("Know thyself") is therefore unusually significant to musicians.

Music as an art is great, but alas, how small is the number of true representatives of the art.

The highest type of musician is the composer, who records in musical art forms exalted episodes of his emotional life. To study and to interpret a composition is equivalent to unvailing the moods of the soul of a composer.

A proper conception and rendering of a Beethoven symphony reproduces an episode of the emotional life of Beethoven. We can feel the throbbings of his heart and the yearnings of his soul, though he has been dead for half a century. A true musician, alone in his studio, can thoroughly appreciate the inner life of the past and present musical tone masters; of a St. Ambrose, a Gregory, a Palestrina, a Bach, a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Wagner, for, although music is a social art, its conception and appreciation do not necessarily demand the presence of an audience.

Music is not the only art medium for the expression of thought and emotion. The sub-stratum of all arts is emotion. To illustrate:

Poetry.—The most remarkable of the poems of Schiller is the "*Glocke*," a most striking and true picture of life. It deals with childhood, its joys, anticipations, etc.; adolescence and its passions; manhood and its cares and hopes, senility and the grave. This poem is regarded as a history of the deepest emotional experiences of a lifetime, deeply and naturally expressed, a grand subject for a symphonic poem.

Architecture.—The gothic cathedrals of Europe are an expression of the emotion of love for the Creator and the desire to do Him reverence. Every ornament within and without these structures, from the tiniest ornament to the gigantic towers, strives heavenward, like so many millions of fingers, pointing to eternity. The cathedral of St. Sofia in Constantinople, a model of the Byzantine school of architecture, is an immense dome resting upon slender pillars. Travelers insist that within the structure a feeling of vastness is experienced and a sensation as if this edifice was engaged in an ascending flight; others insist that they felt, if the tiny pillars were cut in twain, this great dome, like an immense balloon, would rise skyward. To create such emotional impressions was no doubt the intent of the architect. Such temples whisper to us: "*Sursum corda!*"

Sculpture.—The statue of Laocoon in the Vatican furnishes an illustration in sculpture. Laocoon, while sacrificing with his two sons, was encircled by two powerful serpents and crushed to death. The heroic struggle and distress of the herculean Laocoon is terrible to behold. It illustrates the vain human struggles against fate.

Many other art illustrations could be cited, but these few sufficiently illustrate my proposition, that the "*fons et origo*" of art is emotion.

We return now to music. Those desirous of becoming musicians should well consider the requirements and direct their energies accordingly. The reason for so many failures in acquiring true musicianship is found in the fact that the requisites are either not sufficiently understood or adequately grasped. Aside from technique, a cultivated mind and heart are required. No ignorant person can in these days become an artist. In music, painting, or in any other field of art, intelligence is a prime factor and this cannot exist, as a result of tread-mill application in the mastery of a single subject; this makes servants but never masters. No amount of technical practice will give a fine rendering of a master work if the mind lacks a concise conception of its ideal contents.

Some devote a lifetime to the mastering of mechanical difficulties, apparently unconscious that although technique is most necessary to an executant, it is not intellectual, it is only a means to the end; it only cultivates itself and cannot of itself make musicians. Where mind and heart remain a Sahara-like desert, nothing can be expected; "*Ex nihilo nil fit.*" No one, because he can skillfully apply the brush to canvas, would presume to regard

himself as an artist. No one, because he skillfully handles the chisel and hews marble, would assume to be a sculptor. No one, because he has acquired an extensive vocabulary and the use of words, would assume to be a poet or an author; but, unfortunately, thousands of so called pianists, whose whole stock in trade is digital and manual dexterity, assume to be musicians. These common defects are found to such an extent among pianists that one wonders when technique will cease to receive so much undeserved incense.

Colleagues, let us give more attention to music in its true artistic significance. We are the living causes of the misconception and under-valuation of our art. For, with this everlasting talk about technique, we cannot wring from our surroundings a high esteem for our art and profession. Insist that music is a thing of beauty, of emotions (disciplined emotions only are countenanced by our art) and we will not be treated as purveyors of pleasure and asked to eat at the second table of the rich. Let us respect our art and profession, and let us be proud of being musicians.

To return now to pianists in particular. No doubt you can recall many pianistic performances that spoke absolutely nothing to you. You remember them as exhibitions of digital and manual dexterity. Have you ever paused to look for the causes of such unsatisfactory performances? In such cases, either the composition is minus the elements of an art work, or the interpreter fails to grasp the emotional and intellectual contents. What we do not feel, we cannot convey to other hearts, because human hearts are alike the world over. You are carried away by an artistic performance, because the artist is master both of the intellectual and emotional contents. He speaks to you in tones most poetical. He gives an ideal interpretation of an ideal content.

To further your critical acumen, I suggest that, in judging a performance, we ask not "Does he play brilliantly?" because that merely refers to technique, but rather "Does he play poetically?" because this refers to the content of the composition. A performance may be brilliant, but without poetry, warmth and color—and vice versa. The guiding of pupils to express the emotional and intellectual content of a composition is fraught with obstacles. A child experiences only childlike emotions. The passionate emotions of adolescence are to it a "*terra incognita*." The emotional and passionate youth, full of hope and courage, little appreciates the emotions of the maturer years of manhood. An artist, having arrived at ripe manhood, can fully enter into all the emotional experiences of a lifetime. Considering these facts, what should we teachers do? Let us give to children compositions breathing the happy atmosphere of childhood. Koehler's "*Kinder-Album*," Mendelssohn's "*Jugendleben*," Schumann's "*Kinder-album*," Krug's Rondinos, and Kullak's "*Kinderscenen*," will be found to furnish quite a selection. When pupils have arrived at an age when their emotional natures are developing, give them Mendelssohn's "*Songs Without Words*." They are veritable love songs. They suppose an emotional nature, moonlight, stars, etc. I have found that only emotional natures of great tenderness, refinement and purity can learn to play Mozart satisfactorily. A pupil of mine of some eighteen summers, with a good deal of technical skill, failed to enter the emotional content of a Mozart concerto. She played with an angularity and a phlegm at times distressing. But one day she surprised me by playing with a warmth, elasticity and inspiration that were simply wonderful. Heretofore she had played like a child, now she played like a fully matured woman, with passion and with warmth. What caused this metamorphosis? The unfolding of the bud of emotional life into a full-blown rose of passionate hue? I rather suspect she was the victim of Cupid's darts; grief and remorse, however, or some other emotional eruption, might have caused it. The lesson we learn from this is: If you do not find your pupils destitute of feeling, and if their minds are not incapable of intellectual culture, do not despair; time and circumstances will accomplish certain things for your pupils that are outside of your present power. You cannot create emotional life, but you can guide it and discipline it. This is the true vocation of the teacher.

In study, every composition should be mastered, first, from a technical standpoint, and then from the emotional point of view. Secure a conception of the emotional fabric of the entire composition. Afterwards, consider, as far as possible, the emotional content of the different periods. Where it is impossible to divine the content we must conceive for ourselves a content. Generally, every composition contains evidence of the content. The touch, the tempo, the rhythm, the accents and

musical ideas furnish us the clue. An Adagio for instance is generally indicative of tender, soulful and reposeful moods; the allegro is indicative of passion and fiery emotions, etc. The rhythm determines, usually, the character of a composition. The accents are either of an emotional or intellectual nature and therefore suggestive. The musical idioms, for instance, "*Con calore*" (with warmth), "*Con dolore*" (with pain), "*Con anima*" (with animation), "*Con grazia*" (with grace), etc., are indicative of emotional feeling. Realistic effects are also suggestive. For example, the Barcarole, Op. No. 6, by Tschaiakowsky, contains a theme giving the effect of the strokes of oars. The introduction to Weber's "*Invitation to the Dance*" is a veritable colloquy full of grace, of humor and emotional tints. The introduction to Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 13, is also a colloquy of tenderness, pathos, and at times of vehemence. A *crescendo* is an elation of an emotional impulse which reaches its climax in intense feeling and then enters a depression, of an emotion much like a wave on the bosom of the ocean rising and falling, it stands as the history of an emotional impulse. A *sforzato* marks a violent emotional crisis. An abrupt *crescendo* as two short chords at the end of a series of *arpeggi* in the *presto* movement of the "*Moonlight Sonata*" of Beethoven marks a crisis, a victory over passionate impulse.

Time forbids me to enlarge on this subject. To secure a feeling performance I have found it of great benefit to piano students to familiarize themselves with vocal music, because in vocal music the words are an index to the emotional expression. To play accompaniments to good vocalists is also of great educational value, as the accompanist must be *en rapport* with the vocalist, so far as the emotional expression is concerned. Hence, such practice exercises discipline in emotional expression. To give pupils annually the benefit of piano recitals by eminent artists is also of the greatest educational value.

One more thought. To play beautifully you must feel beautifully. To illustrate: A student of mine with a fair musical education played from an emotional point of view very acceptably for two or three years. During six months, however, his emotional expression was distorted and parodical. I was for a long time unable to overcome these unsatisfactory features of his playing. By accident I learned that, through imprudence, this student had met with a series of distressful disappointments. As soon as their effects had passed away and the clouds were once more lifted from his mental horizon, he played again acceptably. To sum up: I contend that to become ideal pianists, we must be capable, to a high degree, of grasping the intellectual and emotional content of music, or in other words, to develop to a high degree a disciplined musical nature. Piano playing should be accompanied with a poetry of feeling, a poetry of emotion.

JOHANNES WOLFRAM.

HINTS TO SINGERS.

HUMAN voices differ from each other as greatly as human faces. Every individual receives from nature a voice distinguished by some special quality—either clear, mellow, or sonorous—muffled, nasal, or guttural.

The first three qualities characterize a sound, healthy voice; the latter three, a defective one. Imperfections of this kind, however, are not always entirely irremediable, and, therefore, next to the skillful management of the breath, the subject to which both master and pupil should devote their watchful and unremitting attention when commencing the practice of the "preparatory exercises for the emission of the voice," must be its "beauty of tone."

The elements of beauty of tone in the human voice are purity, clearness, and resonance.

Purity is obtained by attacking the sound firmly and with precision, giving a very slight impulse to the condensed column of air which impels the vibration of the vocal organs, and emitting only the quantity of breath necessary for the production of tone, combining sufficient strength with a pleasant quality.

Clearness is best obtained when the voice is emitted upon any open vowel, such as A, broadly pronounced, as in the word "father."

Resonance is acquired by opening the mouth naturally, without effort, and in a well-proportioned manner; and by directing the column of tone as far forward in the mouth as possible, so that the cavity of the mouth may act as a sounding-board to the voice, and thus enlarge the wave of sound.—*Randegger.*

CHOPIN AND HIS FRIENDS.

"T was not without conquering some slightly misanthropic repugnance that one could go through the task of persuading Chopin to open his door and his piano for the admission of those whose loyal and respectful esteem sustained them in a persistent request. More than one of us yet left is able to recall a *soirée* improvised in spite of his refusals when he was living somewhat the life of a recluse in the Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

"His rooms, invaded by surprise, were only lighted by the candles on his Pleyel piano. To this instrument he was particularly attached for its silvery sonority, as well as for its easy touch, which enabled him to get from it sounds that might have belonged to one of those harmonicons found in Germany, whose old masters constructed them so ingeniously, wedding the water to the crystal.

"Recesses left in obscurity seemed to have removed all limits from this room, giving it a background of space and darkness. In the *clair-obscur* might be recognized a piece of furniture with its white covering, a form undefined, like a spectre coming to listen to the accents which had evoked it. The light concentrated around the piano fell upon the floor, gliding beneath it like an outspread wave, blending with the uncertain gleams from the hearth, whence sprang up from time to time orange-tinted flowers, short and compact, curious gnomes drawn forward by notes in their own language. A single portrait, that of a pianist, a sympathetic and admiring friend, seemed the invited and constant auditor of that ebb and flow of music tones which groaned, complained, murmured, and died away along the instrument, near to which the picture was hung. The surface of the plate-glass mirror gave back that fine oval and those silky curls which so many pencils have copied, and which the engraver has reproduced for all the admirers of an elegant pen.

"Assembled around that piano were grouped many heads of brilliant renown. Heine, mournfullest of humorists, listening intently to stories that Chopin was telling of the mysterious land which his ethereal fancy ever haunted, and whose delicious landscapes he had studied. Chopin and Heine understood each other; a half note or a half word was enough; and the musician would respond by surprising recitals to the questions whispered him by the poet touching those unknown regions, even concerning 'that smiling nymph' of whom he asked, 'whether she was still wont to drape herself in veil of silver over her yellow tresses with the alluring coquettishness of olden time,' or, in the course of his witty jests, he would perhaps seek to know 'whether the ancient sea-god with long white beard still pursued the mischief-loving naiad with absurd love.'

"Well acquainted with all the glorious personages of the far-away fairy-land, he asked 'if the roses still burned with as fierce a flame? If the trees sang harmoniously by the light of the moon? Chopin made answer, and both, after a long and friendly interchange on the charm of those celestial regions, became sadly silent, touched by the *mal du pays* which affected Heine, as he compared himself to that Hollander, captain of the phantom ship, eternally tossed with his crew on the cold sea waves, sighing vainly for the spiceries of the jasmine and tulip, the meerscham pipes and rare porcelain of dear far-off Holland. 'Oh! Amsterdam, Amsterdam! when shall we behold Amsterdam?' was all their cry while the tempest whistled in the rigging, and buffeted them to and fro.

"I comprehend," exclaims Heine, 'I comprehend the fury with which that wretched captain oneday must burst forth: "Oh, if ever I get back to Amsterdam, I would rather be a post on the street corner than quit it again." Poor Vanderdecken.'

"Heine knew full well all that the miserable mariner had suffered and gone through; all the trials of his terrible and endless voyage on that ocean whose grip was set fast in the very timbers of his indestructible vessel, whose anchor lay fixed in the bottom, held by a cable he could never find, so as to cut it. In this mood Heine would recount the sorrow, the hope, the despair, the torture, the abandonment of the crew on board that most unhappy ship; for, had he not, too, stood on its accursed deck, led on by the hand of some seductive sea-maiden, who, in the hours when the guest in her coral and mother-of-pearl palace, broke out more passionately, more bitterly, more caustically than was ever his wont, would, to appease his spleen, present to him between the banquets some spectacle worthy of the lover who could dream more prodigies than even her wondrous kingdom could show forth?"—ABBÉ LISZT.

THE IMPULSE OF RHYTHM.

"N the rare old days, when trains frequently stopped to "take wood and water," when palace cars were not, and when rails were not as smoothly laid as they are now, the rattle of car wheels kept a certain tune jingling in my mind. It was "Yankee Doodle." In this day of better railroads this inclination to hum or sing in time with the rhythmic motion of the train is not so noticeable. Then my youthful taste was of a martial turn, and to this inspiring melody there trooped through my brain torchlight processions with screaming fifes and rumbling drums, or, perhaps, countless soldiers marching. No scene of martial grandeur was too extravagant to be associated with this patriotic jingle as long as my inner being withstood the pangs of that dread feeling akin to sea-sickness; then I no longer saw "war steeds champing," but our old family doctor mounted on his dun mare, elbows flapping, coat-tails flying, saddle-bags flopping, bearing down upon me, trot, trot, trot.

Every one has noticed that a mind of ordinary imaginative power may associate nearly every tune to the rhythmic motion of car-wheels over the rails, and that the nature of such tune depends upon the emotional state of the mind. Passengers hum little airs in their quiet moods, keeping time with the rattle of the train. Music that is the accompaniment of soberer thoughts fits this rhythmic motion as well, the waltz and the funeral march, find in it each its proper time.

The suggestion is not necessarily that of a tune. It may merely suggest a succession of long and short syllables in monotone, perhaps accompanied by words, this being rude poetry. I knew an old man named Hook, who was taken to the penitentiary for stealing a chicken. He declared that the car wheels accused him of his crime, saying, as they rattled over the rails, *Hook-a-chickey Hook-a-chickey, Hook-a-chickey, Hook Hook, Hook, Dom-i-neck, Dom-i-neck, Hook, Hook, Hook, etc.* The suggestion to his unmusical mind was merely words in monotone. But, observe, these words were the product of his mood.

Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" tells how the strokes of a cantering horse's feet suggest to him his all-absorbing thought of money-getting. He says to his son, to whom he refuses permission to marry a poor girl:

Doesn't thou 'ear my 'earse's legs,
As they canters awa'ay?
Property, property, property—that's
What I ear's 'em sa'ay."

The musical or poetic mind cannot escape the consciousness of nor the demand for rhythm. We can readily understand how one of the earliest forms of music was made to accompany the tread of marching feet, because of our constant tendency to accelerate or retard our pace as the music is fast or slow. So we are surprised when they who are versed in musical lore tell us there was a time when music was without rhythm, when the song just drifted along with no regular time. "But," we inquire, "was it really music?" and the modern taste and understanding recognizes this as a legitimate question. If rhythm was ever banished from music, the cause must have been foreign to the natural growth of musical taste. In every pleasurable succession of sounds, from the compositions of the greatest master to the cricket chirping in the grass, the bull-frog croaking in the reeds at the edge of the swamp, or the chimpanzee beating on a stump, there is that regularity which makes one, even unlearned in the fine arts, regard rhythm as the foundation, beginning and essential part of music.

The impulse of rhythm, then, is to inspire music or poetry. The child feels it when, with up-lifted feet, he marches to the notes of an imaginary fife, whose stops he pretends to play with his fingers. The traveler feels it in the strokes of his horse's feet or in the rattling of car-wheels. Or let the music be furnished, and in some way the hearer must manifest his appreciation of the rhythm. To the sound of a vigorous march on the street the passers-by keep time: the lean and languid man puts more life into his shuffling gait and the fat man hustles along until the perspiration rolls down over his beaming face. Good music in good time greatly increases the enjoyment of a dance, and it makes the marching soldier forget his fatigue.

In the great economy of nature, no motive force is lost; everything has an influence. Possibly from the rhythmic step of marching feet sprang the impulse which has, by ever widening results, brought to such perfection that one of the arts which, though it does not move rock and trees, stirs the soul of man, brightens his mind and in-

creases in him those qualities which are common to him with the immortal gods.—C. Lauron Hooper, in *American Art Journal*.

HOW AUTHORS COMPOSE.

ODWIN wrote "Caleb Williams" backward, beginning on principle with the last chapter and working up to the first. It is curious to note how many poets have clothed their thoughts first in prose. This, Donatus tells us, was Virgil's custom. The original form which the "Æneid" took was a prose narrative. This narrative was then gradually versified, the poet writing at first fluently, and then laboriously polishing his lines till he had brought them as near perfection as he could. Thus Goldsmith worked at "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village." Thus Johnson composed "Irene," Butler "Hudibras," Boileau his "Satires," Racine and Ben Jonson their dramas, and Pope the "Essay on Man." When Balzac was engaged on his novels, he sent off the skeleton of the story to the printers, with huge interstices for the introduction of conversations, descriptions, and the like, and on receiving the printed sketch, shut himself up in his room, drank nothing but water, ate nothing but fruit and bread, till he had completed the work by filling up the blank spaces. Southey usually employed himself in passing three, or even four works through the press at the same time, giving each its allotted space in the twenty-four hours. Richardson produced his romances by painfully working out different portions at different times, sometimes while engaged in his shop, sometimes while sitting surrounded by his friends in his snug parlor at Hampstead.

Pope always carried a note-book with him, and never hesitated to jot down anything which struck him in conversation. A great deal of his "Homer" was executed in bed on odd scraps of paper, and many of his most beautiful couplets were rounded off while taking the air in his bath-chair or driving in his little chariot.

Prideaux's great work was written to while away the time while the author was recovering from the effects of an agonizing operation. Shelley composed the "Revolt of Islam" while lying in a boat on the Thames at Marlow; Keats, his "Ode to a Nightingale" in a lane at Hampstead. Almost all Wordsworth's poetry was meditated in the open air and committed to paper on his return home. Burns composed his magnificent lyric, "Scots wha' he wi' Wallace Bled," while galloping on horseback over a wild moor in Scotland, and "Tam O'Shanter" in the woods overhanging the Doon. Washington Irving's favorite studio was a stile in some pleasant meadow, where, with his portfolio on his knees, he used to mould his graceful periods. The greater part of Arnold's "Roman History" was written in his drawing-room, with his children playing about him, and lively conversation, in which he frequently joined, going on round the table on which his manuscript rested. Priestly and Beddoes were fond of writing under similar circumstances. What would to nine men out of ten be an intolerable distraction was to them a gentle and welcome stimulus. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" was composed as he trudged backward and forward from Hampstead, and Tom Paine usually clothed his thoughts in expression while walking rapidly in the streets. Hooker often meditated the "Ecclesiastical Polity" when rocking the cradle of his child, and Spinoza his "Tractatus" while grinding glasses. Robert Stephens thought out many of his works on horseback. Some of Fielding's comedies were scrawled in taverns. Descartes, Bér, the Italian poet, and Boyse, the author of the once celebrated "Deity," usually wrote while lying in bed. Byron tells us that he composed the greater part of "Lara" at the toilet-table, and the prologue on the opening of Drury Lane Theater in a stage-coach. Moore's splendid Eastern romance, "Lalla Rookh," was written in a cottage blocked up by snow, with an English winter howling round. Tasso indited some of his loveliest sonnets on the walls of the cell in which he was confined as a lunatic, and Christopher Smart his "Song to the Deity," one of the best sacred lyrics we have, in a madhouse.

Burns tells us that he dreamed one of his poems—it may be found in his works—and that he wrote it down just as he dreamed it. Voltaire informed his friend Wagniere that the whole of his second canto of the "Henriade" was composed by him in his sleep. Coleridge always said that he dreamed "Kubla Kahn," and Campbell that he was indebted to the same source for the best line in "Lochiel's Warning."

ADVICE TO THE SOPRANO.



DEER MISS.—This is an important epoch in your life. The 1st thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little.

Put your hair in kirl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair. If he is very rich buy some more and build it high up onto your head; then git a high priced bunnit that runs up very high, at the high part of it. This will help you to sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the tune is given out don't pay attention to it, but ask the nearest young man what it is, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next to you that Em Jones which sits on the 3d seat from the front from the left hand side, has her bunnit trimed with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow in it for the soprano. Coff and hem a good deel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake your head like you was trying to shake the artfishshels off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace your back a little, twist your head to one side and open your mouth the widest on that side, shut the eye on the same side jest a triphel, and then put in for deer life.

When the preacher gits under hed way with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf into the fourth part of your note book. That's what the blank leaf was made for. Git somebody to pass the note to somebody else, and you watch them when they read it and then giggle.

If ennybody talks or laffs in the congrashun, and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good time to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great deel. The preacher darsent say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire, and he can run the meeting house to both ends with the quire. If you had a bo before you went into the quire give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.—*Josh Billings.*

MUSICAL CULTURE.



It seems to me that musical culture may be conveniently considered in four aspects: The training of the taste, which enables us to feel and interpret musical works; the training of the ear, which enables the mind to grasp the order and relationship of chords, phrases and periods which we hear; the training of the eye, which, conversely, enables us to hear the order and relationship of chords, phrases and periods which we see on the printed page; and lastly the practice of some instrument, whether it be the natural voice, or one of the numerous artificial instruments. Among these four departments of culture—the discipline of the taste, the ear, the eye, and the mechanical faculties which are exercised in playing and singing, it seems to me that the training of the taste has an overwhelming importance. Music is the art of combining sounds so as to please the ear, and it addresses itself in the first place and chiefly to the emotional and artistic side of our nature. We can study music from various sides, and for this reason music attracts to herself various classes of minds. To one man music is an affair of mathematical calculations about the scale; to another music means yellow leaved old psalters and primers; another is absorbed in the collection of Esquimaux lullabies, or Indian boat songs; another can talk of nothing but Gregorian tones and Church tradition. All these men, the mathematician, the antiquarian, the ethnologist, the churchman, and the physicist, find their separate fields of study in music, and it is when they crowd upon us, proclaiming all at once their own views, that we are apt to lose sight of the real nature of music as an audible appeal to the laws of beauty which are implanted in our minds. Let us not for a moment be narrow-minded enough to ridicule these investigators. From all of them we have much to learn, and we shall be all the stronger in judgment and knowledge from what they have to say. But while we gladly accept their contributions, let us keep our eyes fixed upon the broad fact that the essence of music does not lie in the figures of the mathematician, the lore of the historian, or even in the rules of the harmonist, but in the works of the great masters, as they reach our ears through the voices and instruments of worthy executants.



OUR MUSIC.

"FESTIVAL POLONAISE".....C. A. Preyer.

This composition takes rank among the best polonaises written in recent years. It is full of the dash and poetry which characterize the polonaises of Chopin, and yet is throughout thoroughly original. It deserves to be examined by our friends as a possible concert number. Mr. Preyer, a German by birth, is an American and a Kansan by adoption, hence quite as much entitled to call himself an American composer as the majority of those who claim that name.

"DES ABENDS," (Op. 12, No. 1, Phantasiestuecke).....Schumann.

This most excellent composition of the great tone-poet needs no introduction at our hands. The careful didactic indications of this edition make it incomparably the best extant.

"SNOW FLAKES".....S. H. Jecko.

Mr. Jecko, a native of St. Louis, but a resident of Washington, D. C., has written a number of pleasing compositions, of which this is one. As a *morceau de salon*, graceful and dainty, just such a piece as young ladies can play successfully, this composition can be recommended.

"THE PROMENADE" (Duet).....Carl Sidus.

Our young friends have not been forgotten in this issue. They have here an excellent duet in Herr Sidus' best vein, and all so carefully edited that if they only follow closely the fingering and phrasing indicated they cannot help playing it in good style.

"I'M COMING HOME".....S. P. Morrison.

This song will meet the approval of those amateurs who like an easy melody wedded to words that all can understand. It makes no great pretensions, but easily fulfills all it promises, both as to words and music.

The pieces in this number cost, in sheet form:

"FESTIVAL POLONAISE".....	Preyer,	.75
"DES ABENDS".....	Schumann,	.35
"SNOW FLAKES".....	Jecko,	.60
"THE PROMENADE" (Duet).....	Sidus,	.60
"I'M COMING HOME".....	Morrison,	.35

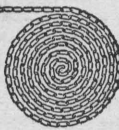
Total.....\$2.65

To an Englishman who lately visited him, Mr. Whittier expressed his surprise that his guest should know so much of his poetry by heart. "I wonder," he said, "thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhythm. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it is good. It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea.

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FESTAL POLONAISE.

C. A. Preyer, Op. 14.

Tempo di Polacca ♩ - 100.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (mp) dynamic. The third system returns to forte (ff). The fourth system concludes with a final cadence. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes. The word 'Red.' is printed below the bass staff of each system, followed by an asterisk. The score is published by Kunkel Bros. in 1887.

First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is marked *ff* (fortissimo). The bass line includes several measures marked *Red.* and asterisks (*).

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The bass line includes several measures marked *Red.* and asterisks (*).

Third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The bass line includes several measures marked *Red.* and asterisks (*).

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The bass line includes several measures marked *Red.* and asterisks (*). The system concludes with the instruction *rite dim.* (ritardando e diminuendo).

Fifth system of musical notation, starting with the tempo change *Poco meno mosso.* and the dynamic marking *dolce.* (dolce). The music is marked *p* (piano). The bass line includes several measures marked *Red.* and asterisks (*).

espress.

riten.

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. *

a tempo.

mf

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. *

Red. *

cres.

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

mf

dim.

Red. * Red. * Red. *

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings (1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2, 1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2) and a crescendo marking (*cres.*). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Below the staff, the word "Red." is written, followed by a star symbol.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The right hand continues the melodic line with fingerings (3-2-1, 5-4-3-2, 3-2-1, 5-4-3-2). The left hand features a melodic line with fingerings (3-2-1, 5-4-3-2, 3-2-1, 5-4-3-2). The music includes a mezzo-forte marking (*mf*) and a decrescendo marking (*dim.*). Below the staff, the word "Red." is written, followed by a star symbol.

Tempo I.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The music is marked *marcato*. The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings (1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2, 1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Below the staff, the word "Red." is written, followed by a star symbol.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings (1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2, 1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Below the staff, the word "Red." is written, followed by a star symbol.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings (1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2, 1-2-3-4, 5-4-3-2). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Below the staff, the word "Red." is written, followed by a star symbol.

First system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a *bis.* marking. The system includes fingerings (1-5) and articulation marks.

Second system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a *bis.* marking. The system includes fingerings (1-5) and articulation marks.

Third system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a *bis.* marking. The system includes fingerings (1-5) and articulation marks.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a *bis.* marking. The system includes fingerings (1-5) and articulation marks.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a *bis.* marking. The system includes fingerings (1-5) and articulation marks.

a tempo.

a tempo.

5 4

ff

Red. *

Red. *

Red. *

A musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal melody line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes. Dynamics include *f*, *mp*, and *f*. There are repeat signs with first and second endings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line. Below the bass staff, there are lyrics: 'Red. * Red. Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red.'.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

Ed. *Ed.* *Ed.* *Ed.* *Ed.* * *Ed.* *Ed.* *

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for piano (p) and features a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes a double bar line with repeat dots, indicating a repeat section. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the bass staff, with the word 'The' appearing multiple times. The score is marked with a piano (p) dynamic and a double bar line with repeat dots.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The bass staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*). The treble staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*).

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The bass staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*). The treble staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*).

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The bass staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*). The treble staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*).

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The bass staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*). The treble staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*).

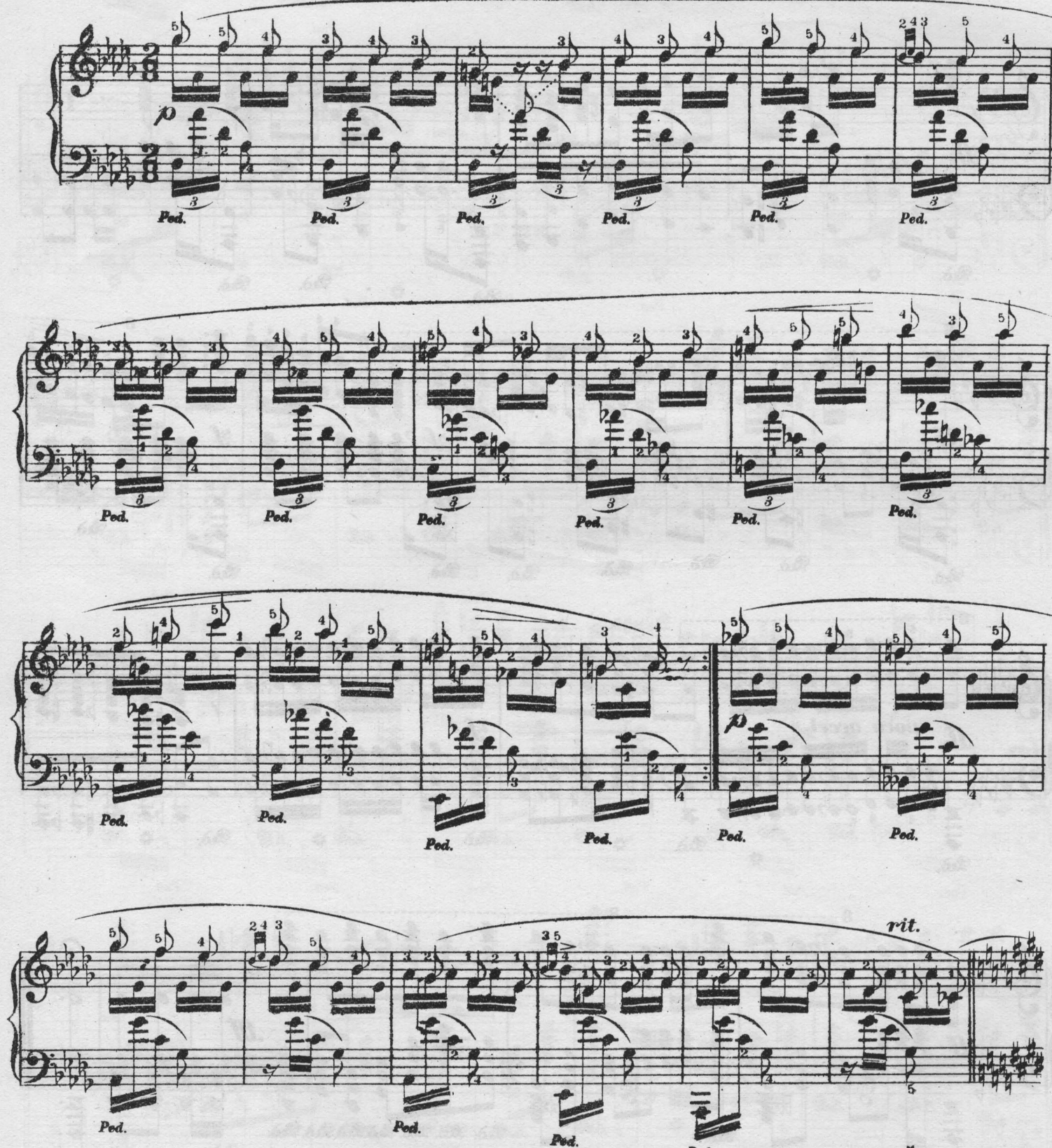
Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The bass staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*). The treble staff contains several measures marked "Red." and an asterisk (*).

DES ABENDS.

AT EVENING

R. Schumann. Op. 12. N^o 1.

Sehr innig zu spielen (With depth of feeling)  66.



The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. Each system contains a treble and bass staff. The first three systems end with a repeat sign. The fourth system ends with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass staff in each system. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above the notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in the key of D major (two sharps). The time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment. The melody features various ornaments, including grace notes and slurs. The bass staff includes a "Ped." (pedal) marking and a "2" indicating a second ending. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

[illegible]

The musical score for 'The Swan' by Camille Saint-Saëns is presented in a single system. The piano part is in the right hand, and the swan part is in the left hand. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and consists of six measures. The piano part features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the swan part features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The score includes fingerings, slurs, and pedaling marks.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 3/4 time. The score is written for piano (Piano) and includes a Pedal (Ped.) section. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into measures, with fingerings and pedaling instructions indicated. The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score is numbered 1046-3.

5 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 2 3 5 4 3 2 1 2 1 3 5 4 1 3 2 4 1

p Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

a tempo.

3 2 3 5 3 2 1 4 1 5 3 4 5 4 3 5 4 3 4

rit. Ped. Ped. Ped.

3 1 4 2 1 3 5 4 1 3 1 4 2 4 1 2 1 3 5 4 1 3 5 1 4 3 5 1 4 1 3

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

5 3 4 1 1 5 4 5 3 4

Ped. Ped.

5 4 2 3 6 2 5 1 5 2 1 2 3 5 3 5

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

ritenuto.

2 4 1 2 1 4 2 2 3 5 3 5 3 5

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. 5

Snow Flakes.

REVERIE.

Moderato ♩ — 100.

Steven H. Jecko.

The musical score for "Snow Flakes" is written for piano in 3/4 time. It begins with a tempo marking of "Moderato" and a metronome indication of 100 beats per minute. The score is composed of five systems of music. The first system is marked "Moderato" and "100". The second system is marked "a tempo" and "ritard". The third system is marked "a tempo". The fourth system is marked "ritard" and "a tempo". The fifth system is marked "a tempo". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and pedaling instructions ("Ped.").

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns with fingerings 2 5 5 4 3 2, 1 5 5 4 3 2, 1 5 5 4 3 2, 1 5 1 5 2 5, 1 5 6 4 3 2, and 1 5 5 4 3 1. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks (*) at the end of measures.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns and fingerings such as 1 5 1 5, 4 1 5 5 4 3 2, 1 5 5 4 3 2, 1 5 5 4 3 2, 1 5 1 5, 4 1 5 5 4 3 2, and 1 5 5 4 3 1. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*).

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a more complex texture with sixteenth-note runs and chords. The tempo marking *a tempo.* appears at the end of the system. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and single notes. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*). The word *ritard* is written above the right hand in the final measure of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with sixteenth-note runs and chords. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and single notes. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*).

Fifth system of musical notation. The system begins with the marking *dolce.* and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and single notes. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and single notes. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*).

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff features a series of chords, each marked with a 'Ped.' (pedal) symbol below it. The system concludes with a double bar line and a decorative asterisk.

Cantabile.

Second system of musical notation, marked *Cantabile.* The treble staff has a more melodic line with fingerings (1-5) indicated above the notes. The bass staff continues with chords and 'Ped.' markings. The system ends with a double bar line and a decorative asterisk.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with fingerings (1-5) and a trill. The bass staff has chords and 'Ped.' markings. The system ends with a double bar line and a decorative asterisk.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with fingerings (1-5). The bass staff continues with chords and 'Ped.' markings. The system ends with a double bar line and a decorative asterisk.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with fingerings (1-5). The bass staff continues with chords and 'Ped.' markings. The system ends with a double bar line and a decorative asterisk.

dolce.

This system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of chords and arpeggiated figures, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' markings below the bass staff. The tempo is marked 'dolce.' at the beginning.

This system continues the musical piece. It features similar chordal and arpeggiated textures in both staves. Pedal markings are present throughout the system. The notation includes various accidentals and fingerings.

This system introduces a 'ritard' (ritardando) section, indicated by a dashed line and the word 'ritard'. The tempo slows down as the system progresses. The musical texture remains consistent with the previous systems.

a tempo.

This system marks the beginning of the 'a tempo' section. The tempo returns to the original speed. The musical notation includes more complex arpeggiated patterns and chords. Pedal markings continue to be used.

This is the final system on the page. It features intricate arpeggiated figures in the treble staff and supporting chords in the bass staff. The system concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns with fingerings (1, 5, 1, 5, 4, 1, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 5, 1, 5, 4, 1, 5, 5, 4, 3, 1, 2). The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings (Ped.) are placed below the first, second, third, and sixth measures. Asterisks (*) are placed below the fourth and seventh measures.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns. The left hand accompaniment includes some chords. Pedal markings (Ped.) are placed below the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and eighth measures. An asterisk (*) is placed below the sixth measure. The word *ritard* is written above the seventh measure.

a tempo.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns. The left hand accompaniment includes some chords. Pedal markings (Ped.) are placed below the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh measures.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns. The left hand accompaniment includes some chords. Pedal markings (Ped.) are placed below the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth measures. The word *cres.* is written above the first measure. The word *leggiere.* is written above the sixth measure. The word *f* is written above the sixth measure.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns. The left hand accompaniment includes some chords. Pedal markings (Ped.) are placed below the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth measures. The word *f* is written above the sixth measure. The word *dim.* is written below the eighth measure.

THE PROMENADE.

DER SPAZIERGANG.

Carl Sidus Op. 75.

Moderato ♩ = 112.

Secondo.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system is in bass clef, marked 'p' (piano). The second system is in bass clef, marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The third system is in bass clef, marked 'f' (forte). The fourth system is in treble clef. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings.

THE PROMENADE.

DER SPAZIERGANG.

Carl Sidus Op. 75.

Moderato ♩ = 112. *Primo.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system is marked *p* (piano) and *Primo.* (first time). The second system is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The third system is marked *f* (forte). The fourth system continues the piece. The music features various fingerings, slurs, and dynamic markings. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Secondo.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The system begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The system begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The system begins with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking, followed by *mf* (mezzo-forte), *cres.* (crescendo), *sf* (sforzando), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords, each with a slur and a fingering number (1, 2, 5) above it. The system begins with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking, followed by *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and ends with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.

Primo.

Primo.

mf

The image shows a musical score for the piece 'L'Espresso' by Claude Debussy. It consists of two staves: a piano (p) part on the left and a violin part on the right. The piano part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The violin part is also in treble clef with the same key signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the mood is 'dolce.' (softly). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (numbers 1-5). The piano part features a series of chords and single notes, while the violin part has a more melodic line with slurs and ties. The word 'dolce.' is written above the violin staff. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a piano introduction and a vocal melody. The piano part is in G major, 2/4 time, and consists of two staves. The vocal part is in G major, 2/4 time, and consists of a single staff. The piano introduction is marked with a forte (f) dynamic and includes fingerings for both hands. The vocal melody is marked with a piano (p) dynamic and includes fingerings for the right hand. The score is written on a single page with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4.

Secondo.

First system of musical notation. The piano staff (top) contains a series of chords, many with fingerings (4, 3, 4) and slurs. The bass staff (bottom) contains a series of eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *mf*, *f*, and *mf*.

Second system of musical notation. The piano staff continues with chords and fingerings (5, 4, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *cres.* and *p*.

Third system of musical notation. The piano staff continues with chords and fingerings (5, 4, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *f* and *mf*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The piano staff continues with chords and fingerings (5, 4, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamic marking is *mf*.

Fifth system of musical notation. The piano staff continues with chords and fingerings (5, 4, 3, 2, 1). The bass staff continues with eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *cres.*, *f*, and *ff*.

Primo.

mf f mf

cres. p

f mf f

mf

cres. f ff

I'M COMING HOME.

Words and Music by

S. P. Morrison.

Moderato. ♩ 84.

With feeling.

1 My sweet Pet, I'm com - ing, com - ing home, Ah, dont fret, Though

Ped.

long I roam, Long to me, Long to thee,

ad lib.

Since we met:— But sweet Pet, I'm com-ing com-ing

home.....

a tempo.

p Ped. *

2. Kiss me Sweet, When com-ing, com-ing home, Ah; to meet, No

3. Sweet, I'm thine, And com-ing, com-ing home, Ah; dont pine, No

p Ped.

more to roam! Shall I hear Voice so dear,
more I roam, Bless the grace Of her face!

Step so fleet, Thee my Sweet, When com-ing, com-ing
Flower-et mine, Bloom and shine:- I'm com-ing, com-ing

home!
home.

a tempo.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *



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ART AND INSPIRATION.

WHEN the most elegant of the classic poets was employed in writing on the subject of dramatic composition he was asked whether he regarded art or inspiration as the more important factor in drama. He replied, "I can not see what one can accomplish without the assistance of the other." Thus he

esteemed the mechanical part, as it is properly called, to be of as much importance as the afflatus. If so with the poet, how much more so with the actor, whose afflatus must of necessity be borrowed? The actress who professes, as some do, to be "all soul," is simply all affectation. Her business is with the embodiment—the poet provides the soul if her vanity leaves any room for it. A graceful gait and a dignified demeanor are not the necessary results of a noble and dignified mind. If they were so, Jonson would not have been a shambling bully, nor Goldsmith a lout, Shakespeare would have been conspicuous as an actor, and Napoleon Bonaparte, on the eve of his coronation, would not have felt obliged to send for the actor Talma to teach him how to bear himself with propriety on that occasion through the ceremony. But, in these times of æsthetic dūdism, some aspire to accomplish all by effusion, to produce by divine visitation without condescending to the process of labor. They are unaware that our giants in art are of such stature their heads reach above the clouds while their feet walk the earth, but our vaporish poets and artists, mounted on their self-esteem, spurn the earth and seek the clouds. Many actors are up there—and will stay there. Let us not forget that most of our great comedians and nearly all our tragedians were failures in their early efforts. John Kemble entreated his brother Charles to return to his clerkship, in the post-office, for he would never make an actor. When I was associated with Charles Kean, in 1851, he asked me to witness the performance of a young gentleman who was playing at Southampton. I went there and saw a very wretched attempt. I told Kean there was not a trace of merit in the young man. This was Mr. E. A. Sothorn, who, at that time, if I remember rightly, went by the name of Douglas Stewart. But the worst feature in our condition is the superficial irritation produced on the stage by a swarm of callow actresses that have lighted upon it. The remedy for this disorder should be found in the critical scrutiny the journalist is bound to apply to incompetent people who thrust themselves into ridiculous prominence; with the feather of his pen he should sweep them aside. Another remedy lies in the better education of the actors and actresses themselves; I mean a technical education. The great artist is a specialist. He is generally gifted with one faculty. His whole soul is centered in that one cell of his brain. There have been a few, like Michael Angelo and Celini, who were men of general cultivation, but such are exceptions that serve to prove the rule. I have enjoyed the personal acquaintance of very many of the celebrated painters, actors, actresses, composers, singers that have graced the last half-century, and, beyond their artistic limits, they were, for the most part, very commonplace and mindless folk. The education of an actor should be confined to his art; the more so that within its studies he may absorb the treasures of poetry, philosophy, history, and generation to be found in the estate of the drama. These the painter, the composer, or the singer can not find within the fields they cultivate. There is a movement on foot at present among us tending to this important subject. Let us try to guide the generous and well-intended impulse in a right direction and towards a practical benefit, let it not wander and get lost among the vague theories of dilettanteism.—Dion Boucicault, in *New York Herald*.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS—HAY FEVER.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

FRENCH PROGRESS IN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

IN a recent issue of *La Liberté*, M. Victorin Joncières has an interesting article upon the state of music in France, from which we make the following extract:

"There are now in France nine large national schools of music, branches of the Paris Conservatoire, which receive State support, namely: the schools of Toulouse, Lyons, Lille, Nantes, Nancy, Dijon, Havre, Rennes and Avignon. The curriculum in these institutions is the same as that of the Conservatoire, and comprises all the branches of musical art. To judge of the importance of these establishments it is sufficient to say that the Toulouse school has between five and six hundred students. Several of these pupils have been sent to Paris for a finishing touch, and have become or will become distinguished artists.

Other schools, less important, because of the more limited number of their pupils and the less extensive resources of the localities where they are situated, have been organized on the same plan at Aix, Angoulême, Bayonne, Boulogne-sur-mer, Caen, Certe, Chambéry, Digne, Douai, Mans, Nîmes, Perpignan, Roubaix, Saint-Etienne, Saint Omer, Tours and Valenciennes, i. e., seventeen to be added to the nine I first mentioned.

I have had occasion to visit most of these schools, and I must say that they are rendering very valuable services to the people. When they shall have been in operation for about ten years, there will undoubtedly be seen an enormous progress in the musical education of the French people. The results of this interesting organization are already apparent, and the rising generation will possess an amount of musical knowledge which those who have preceded it have never had. On that point, we shall soon be fully abreast of the Germans."

TITIENS' NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

MADEMOISELLE TITIENS was lying quietly in bed after the first performance of "Norma," when suddenly she heard a noise as if coming through the fire-place down the chimney. With great presence of mind, she quietly sat up in her bed, when she received a blow in the face, and the whole of her body trembled under the shock of something that fell from her. She instantly jumped out of bed, rang the bell violently for her chambermaid, and stretched her hand out for her revolver. The door opened, in came the maid with a light in her hand, frightened to death at the summons, fearful lest her mistress should be ill. The first thing she did when she saw Mlle. Titiens out of bed was to approach her with great solicitude, but before Mlle. Titiens could say one word her maid, hesitating, looked round the room and then burst out laughing with such tremendous force that her mistress was frightened, seeing her maid going mad. "O madame!" cried the girl, and she laughed and she roared. "But what is the matter?" said Mlle. Titiens. "Are you crazy? You see me?" "Of course, I do," roared the girl, "Eugenie, are you really mad?" "O madame!" said the girl, and she held her side, and all she could say was, "Looking-glass!" The noise attracted Miss Gusth, Mlle. Titiens' niece, who, in her probably very light costume, considering the nightly hour, must have looked a charming picture of affrighted innocence. Seeing her aunt standing up, and the French maid rolling in the arm-chair beyond control, she got, of course, very angry; but, on looking closer at the great prima donna, she staggered back and screamed too. Thus, under supposition of an attempt at murder, and between two pretty girls, a blonde and a brunette, going mad, Mlle. Titiens at last mechanically turned to the looking-glass, when, to her utter amazement, the great prima donna beheld a negro minstrel, so like herself that she could not help bursting out herself in laughter. The noise and crash in the chimney, and inextinguishable laughter of her maid, were simply caused by a ball of soot detached from the chimney, which had fallen to the ground and had blackened the prima donna's face and bed, and all the surroundings. The only logical deduction from the story we can make is that, with the enormous versatility of Mlle. Titiens, evidently everything will soot her.—*Ex.*

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief;
Expels disease, softens every pain;
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physis, melody, and song.

—Armstrong.

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THE WORDS OF HYMNS.

HISTORY will show us, says W. H. Gladstone, that it was no part of the system of the sixteenth century—that century which gave birth to Palestrina, Vittorino, and others whose genius then forever stamped music as one of the brightest and most glorious arts vouchsafed to mankind—to overlook or underrate the due importance of words. You have heard how in Palestrina's time church music in Rome and wherever the influence of Rome prevailed, underwent a sort of crisis. The fair flower was almost choked with weeds. Abuses were so flagrant that there was a question of banishing all music from the Church. There is some obscurity as to the nature of these abuses, but it seems that the chief of them was the utter carelessness and indifference that had crept in as to the treatment of the words. At that time the range of church music was so circumscribed that, in place of a healthy outward growth, all invention was confined in its operation within a sort of charmed circle, and sought relief in the most curious devices, of which the most objectionable—and that which was made the *gravamen* by the cardinals deputed by the Tridentine Council to examine into the matter—was the extraordinary misuse of words. It will hardly be believed that it was a common practice for the words of different portions of the Mass—the Kyrie, the Christe, the Et in terra, and so forth, to be sung simultaneously by the different voices; and, not only so, but the words of the hymn or song which gave the title to the Mass—and these often secular words—would be recited by one of the parts simultaneously with the words of the Mass by the others. Such was the fashion when Palestrina came upon the scene. Moreover, the multiplication of parts had been carried to an absurd extent. Pieces were written in twenty, thirty-six, or even forty-eight and fifty parts; the result of which was, of course, both a musical and a verbal chaos. The cardinals determined that this scandal should cease, and insisted that in future all and each of the words and their import should be distinctly apprehended. It was at this juncture that Palestrina produced the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*, which at once rescued music from the slough of despond into which it had fallen, and placed it on a pinnacle of glory and beauty.

DOING A FAVOR.

EARLY one morning a poorly dressed and seedy looking person about fifty years old entered the post-office and proceeded to warm his hands at one of the registers. He made no inquiries about mail, and after he had been loafing around for about two hours a policeman got his eye on him and asked:

"Say, old man, have you got any business here?"
"Well, no," was the reply.
"Any work to do?"
"No. I kinder thought I'd lay off this winter."
"Any friends here?"
"No."
"I think you are a vagrant," continued the officer as he took another look at him.
"Mebbe I am," sighed the old man.
"And I think I'll take you down."
"Well, I'll go along."
The officer escorted him down to the station-house, registered his name and then proceeded to search his pockets. Each one panned out a "wad" of money, making a total of \$1,600.
"Why didn't you tell me you had this money?" demanded the policeman.
"Why didn't you ask me?"
"Didn't I tell you I took you for a vagrant, and you didn't deny it, either?"
"Well, I didn't know anything about your city laws," quietly replied the old man. "I've got two married daughters, and I came in to buy each of 'em a \$600 piano for New Year's, but if it's ag'in any of your laws I'll take the next train for home. I'm gitting purty old, and I don't want no fuss with anybody."

"Well, you might have saved yourself all this trouble," said the officer, as he escorted him to the street.
"Don't mention it," was the answer. "If I took any trouble on your account it's all right and you need not thank me. I'm always willing to oblige anybody who can appreciate it. Purty cold day, isn't it?"—*Free Press*.

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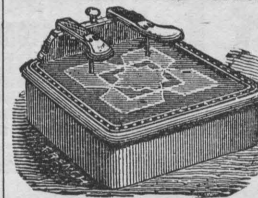
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TOO MANY LADY TEACHERS.

SIGNOR ALESSANDRO BIAGGI, professor of "musical history and æsthetics" at the Royal Institute in Florence, echoes and confirms what the critics say of young singers fresh from Italian conservatories: "They do not know how to sing, nor how to breathe; they scream, they howl, they bark. Of the legato, sforzando and portamento, there is no question. Their scales are soapy; they do not phrase, do not accent, nor do they know how to pronounce. They sing false and in poor time. The voices are tired, unreliable, uneven in the registers, weak and hoarse on the medium notes, trembling, broken, etc., etc." The Marquis D'Arcais, academician of the Musical Institute of Rome, Florence, etc., is still more severe, and shows very little gallantry toward the fair sex. After saying that there are no more than four or five real teachers of singing in Italy, he attributes the decadence of the art, among other things, to the lady teachers: "As we would not trust the defense of our interest to a lawyeress, nor the care of our health to a doctress, we would banish lady teachers from the musical fraternity. There are occupations which demand too long and too many studies to be undertaken by a woman. Therefore, all the lady and young lady teachers of singing, who of late years spring up like mushrooms in the great musical centres, do well enough for themselves and their families, but not for art; and we feel inclined to put them in one bundle with amazons and lady politicians." [Two to one that the Marquis has been jilted, or that some of these lady teachers have surpassed him in his chosen field.]

ANECDOTE OF BILL NYE.

BILL NYE, the famous hand-organ player, was traveling in the east some years ago. He was walking up Michigan avenue one evening in Chicago, when the strains of a hand-organ attracted his attention. Advancing to the spot, he found a poor blind man turning out the doleful sounds of "Home, Sweet Home," with a lugubriousness of detail that caused the quick ear of the great virtuoso to detect the early neglect of the man's musical education, and, bending over him, he asked, in kindly tones, of his life and circumstances. Seeing that he was the sole support of an aged step-mother, a drunken father, who was a city alderman, and two dozen poor relatives in Kalamazoo, the *Boomerang* editor agreed to take his turn at the organ. The old man gladly resigned the machine, and no sooner did the deft hand of Nye touch the crank than all within earshot knew that a master paw was mauling the melodies of their country. Discarding the notes, he cast the book aside, and, with his eyes turned toward the mansard roof of the Potter Palmer House, improvised a sad, weird melody, which caused a hundred hands to gather bricks and shower them in the outstretched hat of the dreamy organist. Some missed the hat, and, crashing into the organ, wiped forever from the ears of man one of the most extraordinary pieces of crank music heard since the stars sang together on the mystic plain of Laramie. Nye's bald head was the shining mark which the crowd loved, and there wasn't a splinter left of the organ. The organist sold the brick at four dollars a thousand, and never ceases to bless the memory of the unknown friend who helped him in the spring of 1850.—*Ex.*

OUR BOOK TABLE.

NEW MUSICAL MISCELLANIES: HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL AND PEDAGOGIC. BY W. S. B. MATTHEWS. HOW TO UNDERSTAND MUSIC. VOL. II.; pp. 207. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser.—We receive this book just as we are going to press, and therefore cannot give it that attention we should like to. It contains twelve chapters upon the following subjects: Schubert and his works, Berlioz and his works, Wagner and his works (two chapters), Psychological Relations of Music, Theory of Piano Teaching, The Tonal System and Temperament, The Tonic Sol-Fa as an Educational Factor, Self-Culture in Music, The Greek Drama and Modern Opera, a Birds-eye View of Musical History. These chapters have little or no organic connection with each other, as, indeed, the author has himself indicated by his title of "Musical Miscellanies." Mr. Matthews is an experienced and fluent writer and a clear thinker. His former writings have established his reputation in that regard. The present work will not detract from his standing as a writer. Even when we cannot agree with Mr. Matthews, we find his writings suggestive. This set of essays is worthy of a place in every musician's library. The publisher's part of the work has been well done. It is legibly printed on good paper, and neatly bound in much the same style as Mr. Matthews' original volume on "How to Understand Music."



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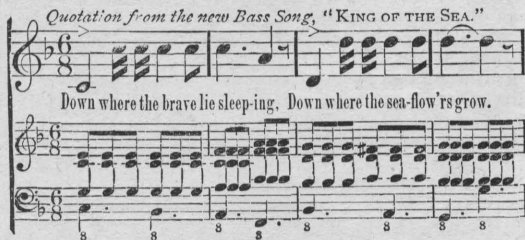
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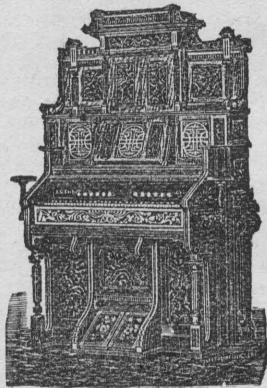
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WAGNER'S POETIC INSPIRATION.

It is well-known that Wagner, not content with the poetic material which he found ready to his hand, wrote his own poems and devised his own plots. He was, in short, his own librettist, and could never, therefore, complain of being handicapped by a stupid libretto. He was thus able to make his poetry fit in with his music, so as to obtain that perfect form of music-drama which he believed opera should always take: neither the music being subordinated to the story nor the story to the music, but both constituting a perfect, homogeneous whole.

In finding material for his poems, he not only ransacked the old folk-lore, but occasionally borrowed ideas from writers much more modern than the authors of the sagas and myths which are so plentiful amongst all the nations of Northern Europe. For example, at the Samuel Theatre, Venice, in October, 1762, was performed a piece called "The Woman Serpent," by one Gozzi, and to this drama the prophet of Bayreuth appears to have been indebted for not a few of the situations in "Lohengrin," "Die Walküre," and "Parsifal." Wagner of course used his material in a manner so masterly as to make it his own, and by ingenious additions and prudent suppressions he was able to utilize very largely the drama in question. M.M. Soulié and Malherbes, who have contributed to *Le Ménestrel* a series of able and interesting articles on Wagner as a man and an artist, have given *inter alia*, a sketch of "The Woman Serpent"; and as we are not aware that the work has ever been translated into English, we place before our readers an outline of Gozzi's play.

The scene is laid in Tiflis, which is governed by the old King Atalmouk, the father of Princess Canzade and Prince Farruscad. One day, while hunting, the Prince sees a hind which he is pursuing suddenly plunge into a lake and disappear from view. Urged on by a foolhardy curiosity, he leaps in after the hind, and immediately finds himself in a grotto of marvellous beauty, presided over by the hind, now transformed into a beautiful woman. This fairy, like all other fairies, of course, is young and beautiful. Her name is Kerestani, and the ardent young Prince at once falls in love with her, and on his solemnly promising, at her request, that he will never ask who she is or whence she comes, she consents to be his. They live four years together in perfect love and happiness. It is not to be supposed that during this time Farruscad was not curious to know more than he did, and to get an answer to that question which he did not dare to put. Ungratified curiosity soon becomes a torture harder to bear than physical pain, and one day his evil genius goaded him on to such a pitch that he asked the fatal question. The only answer he received was more prompt than pleasant: he was at once thrown back to the spot whence he had leaped on following the hind into the lake. He went home, and found, as errant lovers are apt to do, that while he had been absent his mundane affairs had taken a decidedly bad turn. The King, his father, was dead, and his sister was in the power of Morgone, a King who had seized three-fourths of his late father's territory, and was then laying siege to the capital. Farruscad then began to long for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and to crave the society of his beloved Kerestani and of little Rezia and Bedredin, the two children she had borne him. He was filled with a burning desire to regain his former happiness, and to escape the dire consequences of his folly in giving rein to his curiosity. While he was in this state of mind, his fairy once more appeared to him, and, after reproaching him, as he might have expected she would, she informed him he would have to submit to certain ordeals, out of which it was not at all certain that he would come triumphant. In the first place, he was to be astonished at nothing she did, and in the second he was not to condemn her, whatever happened. These were hard terms, but, for the sake of his beloved, he agreed to accept them. To begin with, the fair Kerestani threw their two children into a raging furnace; the unhappy man veiled his face and was silent. Then, as King, he was called on to suffer even more than his father had, and the curses of his people were still harder to bear in silence than the loss of his children. The city was being starved by a long siege; fully half the place lay in ruins, and the people, unable to suffer such tortures any longer, were forced to surrender. Then, his powers of endurance quite worn out, he poured forth bitter imprecations against the cause of his troubles, and cursed the beautiful Keres-



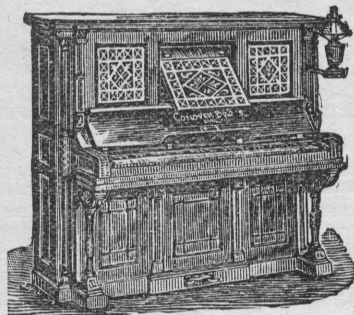
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tani. She appeared to him a second time, and spoke thus:

"When I lost thee I prayed that I might not survive thee, but die with thee. That favor was granted me, on condition that during eight years he who had been my husband should not curse me, whatever I might do to provoke his maledictions; but thou hast cursed me, and now I go to submit to my punishment. Fear not for our children; they are mortals like thyself; but as for me, alas! I shall be changed for two hundred years into a monstrous serpent, unless thou art able to save me, though I fear that will be too great a task. Risk nothing, however; give not thy life for mine; thou art forever dear to me, though I am far from thee!" Farruscad, in despair, waited to hear no more, but tried to expiate his sin. He first of all repulsed King Morgone, and then, aided by another beneficent fairy, overcame a multitude of obstacles, until Kerestani was freed from her scales and became once more a woman. The king and queen entered in triumph into Tiflis, found their children (whom the furnace had spared), and, as is the manner of fairies, "lived happy ever after."

With some points of difference, this story as a whole furnished the basis of Wagner's youthful work "Die Feen," though the differences are considerable. It may be remarked in passing, that the grotto beneath the waters of the lake has its counterpart in the mythologies of all the people of northern Europe; e. g., the story of Sadko the Rich Merchant, included among the folk-songs collected by Rubnikof in the Russian province of Oloietz, has a king's palace under the sea, to which Sadko is borne by a fairy who meets him on the shore. Wagner was a deft hand at utilizing materials, and though there may be two opinions about the quality of his poetry, there is no doubt as to "The Woman Serpent" having furnished or suggested some of the most notable situations in the operas we have named. Wagner was not the first, and will not be the last, to use or assimilate other people's materials. Schiller borrowed the idea of his "Turandot" from this same work by Gozzi. Wagner's adaptation of the story, being done by himself for his own musical ends, is fairly well done with regard to stage effects. He has only altered the story in one material point. Gozzi turns his fairy into a serpent, which is restored to human shape by Farruscad's kiss; Wagner changes his fairy to a statue, which is brought to life by the ardour of Arindel's songs. In all other respects Wagner has taken over the main incidents of the Italian's story.—*Musical Standard*.

"ROBIN ADAIR."

LONGFELLOW, speaking of Ballads, eloquently says: They are the Gipsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and bye-paths of literature in the genial summer time, and many a life story is contained in the similes of a favorite Ballad." Nevertheless we seldom realize what lies beneath the surface of the words, when we hear some of the simple old songs of our youth.

They are all, indeed, more or less epitomized versions of momentous incidents in their author's

lives, which is sufficient to account for the sympathetic interest they awaken. They contain, although in a veiled form, that one "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

Perhaps one of the most generally known and popular songs of this type is "Robin Adair." Its simplicity is so fascinating and it is pervaded by a ring of such genuine tenderness; that it will ever be treasured as a model of its kind.

The circumstances under which it was composed are not generally known, and as they are extremely interesting, lovers of this simple and touching heart-lyric will probably be glad to be made acquainted with them.

Robert Adair was a real personage, who was born about the middle of the last century. He was a young Irish medical student who in order to escape the consequences of some youthful indiscretion in Dublin, left the city and fled to Holyhead, en route for London. Finding on reaching Holyhead that his slender means were exhausted, he set out on his long journey on foot. He had not travelled far when he reached a carriage that had been overturned in the road, the occupant of which, Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, and a young lady of attractive appearance and manners, was greatly alarmed and slightly injured.

Adair introduced himself as a young surgeon and attended to her. He then explained his intention of journeying to London, and as she still felt nervous and apprehensive of further accident, she offered him a seat in her carriage and begged him to accompany her to the metropolis. On arrival she presented him with a hundred guineas, and promised him her assistance in obtaining a start in his profession. This acquaintance speedily ripened into affection, and in spite of the opposition of her friends she determined to marry the lover she had met under such romantic circumstances. She was sent abroad in the hope that she would abandon her intention, but without avail, and her health began to fail. She was then removed to Bath, (England), and while here she wrote the verses that were destined to become familiar through the length and breadth of the civilized world, and adapted them to an old Irish melody "Eileen Aroon," of which Robin Adair was very fond.

Continued separation made such inroads on her health that she became dangerously ill, and her medical attendant despaired of her life. Then her parents relented and the faithful and devoted pair were married.

The following extract from the "Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" records the circumstance as follows: "February 22, 1758. Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honorable the Lady Caroline Keppel." He lived to the ripe age of eighty, but his wife died after the birth of their third child. He never married again, but wore mourning in remembrance of his love and wife for the remainder of his life, and on his death in 1790 was buried in the same vault with her. Their only son, the Rt. Honorable Sir Robert Adair, achieved fame as a diplomatist, and died at the ripe age of 92 without issue.—*Musical Herald*.

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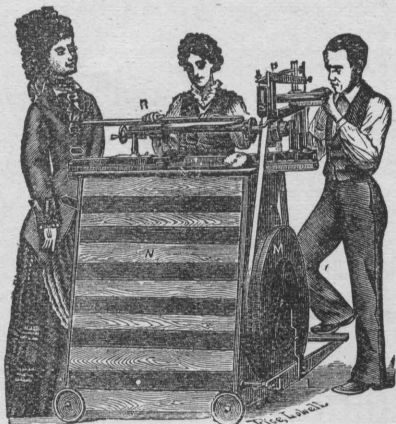
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

DR. GOTTSCHALG, once a very intimate friend of Liszt, says there is no truth in the report that the master left a posthumous oratorio, "Via Crucis," the MS. of which was reported to have been found with his papers. It seems the work consists of choruses only, to be sung at the "twelve stations of the cross."

THE latest fad in piano cases is to have them enameled white, with gold fillets in slender designs. An instrument of this sort was recently made for Mr. Whitelaw Reid. White enameled cases are rather loud, but I prefer them to some of the fancies that the whims of mankind and womankind occasionally constrain the manufacturer to turn out. One of these I saw a few days back, and I can only say of it that its applique ornaments were of a form and color conveying a vivid suggestion of fertilizing material. Cases of this type are pretty expensive, of course, but their cost bears no proportion whatever to Mr. Marquand's outlay for an ugly grand, whereof I hear that the exterior is already cracked in a hundred places.—*Truth.*

DURING the early years of the reign of King Ernest Augustus in Hanover, the "Summer Concerts" came into fashion, and His Majesty frequently attended those on the list where the music was then as good as the refreshments. The price of admission was two groschens (about two pence), but the King always paid two louis d'or for himself with his own hand, leaving each of his suite to pay what he thought fit. A certain Count, however, repeatedly slipped through without paying, which attracted the King's attention. One day, on reaching the money taker's box, His Majesty said: "My dear Count, I have forgotten my purse. You can pay for me to-day." Whether the Count ever got his two louis d'or back is unknown.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us, says *Queries*, of the young man who, speaking to the toast of "The Ladies," quoted from memory—

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. —*Scott.*

We first endure, then pity, then embrace. —*Pope.*

spoils one of the prettiest stories told of one of the cleverest men in New York—Manton Marble. His paraphrasing, which was with malice prepense, ran as follows:

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and sure to tease,
But seen too oft, familiar every lure,
We first embrace, then pity, then endure. —*Pope.*

SCHUMANN says: If you wish to understand a man, ask him who are his friends; if you want to judge a public, you observe what it applauds, what sort of physiognomy it presents after listening to music. As music—so different from painting—is the art we most enjoy when gathered together socially (a symphony performed in a chamber would please one hearer but little), and which is comprehended by a thousand at once, in one moment; an art which lifts mankind above life, as above sea; which, instead of swallowing and slaying us, mirrors us like flying genii, until we are laid to repose in Grecian groves—so there are works, to be respected as the highest, that exert an equal power on different minds, over youth as over age. I remember to have been present at a performance of the C minor Symphony, and when the passage that leads toward the finale was played—exciting every nerve to the utmost tension—a little boy pressed closer and closer to me, and when I asked him why he did so, he answered, "I am afraid."

A PARIS correspondent tells a new story about Sarah Bernhardt, to the effect that she once read in a certain Parisian paper the statement that her hair was false and that her teeth were far too good to be genuine. Next day the dramatic critic was amazed to behold a lady dash into his room and let down her hair in his presence. "Pull it!" she exclaimed, as she placed a luxuriant tress in one of his hands. "Is this real hair or not?" "Certainly, certainly," stammered the man. Catching hold of his other hand, she opened her mouth—but happily not to bite—and made him finger her teeth. "Are these false?" shrieked the lady. "No; they are the most beautiful real teeth I ever beheld in my life," declared the terrified victim, who would have willingly sworn that black was white, if it would have given his visitor the least satisfaction. "I am Sarah Bernhardt," proclaimed the lady, with as much serenity as she could possibly put into her voice, and the wretched critic made up his mind for the worst. He has since, says the correspondent, become one of her most devoted vassals, though, indeed, I do not know how any man would dare to be anything else.

DURING last week a unique grand piano was inspected by a number of connoisseurs at Chickering Hall. The instrument was made to order for the daughter of a cultivated and wealthy New Yorker, to match the furnishing and decorations of his parlors. The piano is a surpassing specimen of workmanship in artistic design and finish, and from a musical point of view is all that could be desired by the most exacting pianist in volume and quality of tone and in the lightning-like responsiveness of the action, which cannot be surpassed. The case work is of satinwood, and avoids in design the conventional supports, in place of which quadrangle grouped Ionic columns, delicately fluted with elegant volutes and vases, give it an air of subtle grace far superior to anything yet seen. The pedals, in form of a Moorish lyre, are strikingly beautiful. The decoration of the exterior of the case in graceful garlands, fastened to flambeaux, feels quite antique in its perfect splendor of mosaic in mother-of-pearl and brass. On opening the cover, the eye is riveted on the Saracenic music desk; its intricate geometrical lines interweave each other in most fanciful design, to coming to rest finally in the central rosette.—*American Art Journal.*

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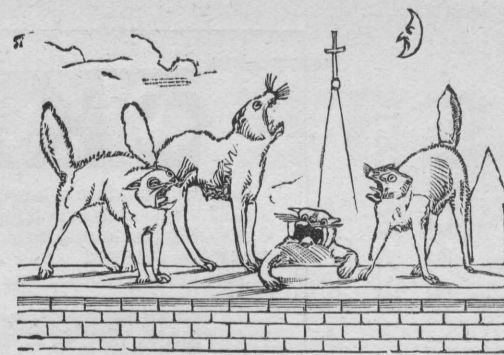
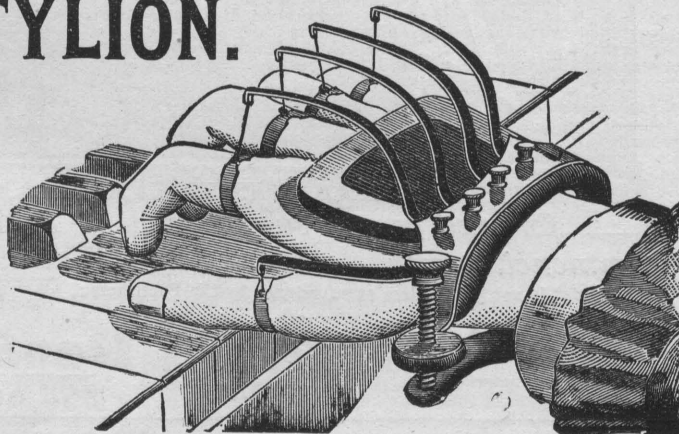
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MAN, like buckwheat cakes, always feels sweetest when surrounded by 'lasses.

"I've got a bawl ticket," said neighbor John, ruefully. It turned out there was a new baby in the family.

It is said that a watch dog is not so large in the morning as at night, because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

An old gentleman, a bachelor, finds some hair in his soup, and addresses his cook, with his air the most gracious: "I you thank, Josephine, but the next time give it to me in a locket."—*Le Figaro*.AN American singer sang at a concert in Biarritz during the past season, at which one of the principal attractions was a full choral and orchestral performance, of what the *Courrier de Biarritz* calls "God saw the Queen."

BILL NYE says "the peculiar characteristic of classical music is that it is really so much better than it sounds," and Josh Billings used to say of the lovers of classical music, "the more classically it is the more they like it."

A YOUNG lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring—"I do love a nice dog!"

"Ah," sighed a dandy, standing near, "I would I were a dog."

"Never mind," retorted the lady, "you'll grow."

"An' phat is your Jamie doin' these days, Mrs. O'Tare?" "Ah, Jamie is doin' foine. He's a director in the op'ry house, an' wears a swally-tail coat."

"A director, is it? An phat does a director do?"

"Shure he directs the people to their seats."—*Chicago Times*.

DUDE (to theatre door-keeper)—"Ah, could you—aw—let me see—aw—Mlle. de Montfort. You know her—chawming young cweature, with blonde hair. Sings—ah—in the chorus." Door-keeper (gruffly)—"No, you can't see her, young feller. If you have any message, give it to me. I'm her grandson."

MR. GOTHAM (after the performance of Julius Cæsar): "And so you were pleased, Miss Breezy?"

Miss Breezy (of Chicago): "Delighted with the whole performance, Mr. Gotham, and so much obliged to you. I think Marc Antony's oration over Cæsar's body was the cutest thing I ever saw."

LADY CUSTOMER—I want a copy of Robert talk to Jim. Clerk—We haven't such a piece, nor have I ever heard of it. Lady—Why, I heard it sung only last night, and the young lady told me its name, and said it was the great piece of "Robert the Devil."

Clerk—Oh, ah! I see, you want "Robert toi que J'aime."

AFFECTIONATE WIFE—August, sweetest, don't you wish your 'ity wifey had the finest head of hair in the city?

Husband—Oh, yes, of course.

Affectionate Wife—I thought so, my own precious; so, instead of paying that nasty old landlord with the money you left for the rent, I bought this magnificent switch.

"We have just had quite a lively discussion, Mr. Wabash," remarked Miss Penelope Waldo, as the young gentleman seated himself for an evening call, "and papa is very pronounced in his admiration for the *Century*."

"Yes?" responded Mr. Wabash, with easy politeness; "I used to like 'Century' myself, but it's now over two years since I have had a chew of tobacco in my mouth."

A LADY who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to a party of friends. "But what pleased me as much as anything," she said, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg."

"Oh, how I should love to see it!" exclaimed a pretty young woman in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine?"

As SOME lady visitors were going through a penitentiary, under the escort of a superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing.

"Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

MRS. POORE—"The horrid thing! I wish I'd never got acquainted with her at all."

Mr. Poore—"What's the matter, dear?"

"That stuck-up Mrs. De Poulitice has got so proud now that she won't even recognize me on the street."

"My gracious, what luck! Old De Poulitice has stopped bowing to me, too."

"Luck?"

"Best luck we ever had. I supposed, of course, Mrs. De Poulitice was friendly with you, and I have been in fear and trembling for six weeks."

"Why, what about?"

"Times are very hard now, and money is mighty scarce."

"But what has that to do with the De Poulitices?"

"I was afraid they might invite us to their silver wedding next month."—*Philadelphia Call*.

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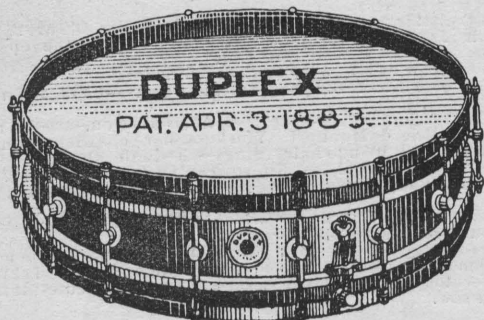
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GLUCK.

LUCK was not a wonder-child, as Mozart was. His father did not produce him as Mozart père did with advertisements "that he will play on a piano when the key-board is covered with a cloth and take no wrong notes;" therefore, nobody cried his "miracle" over the earnest, steady, studious boy, and in general his capacities were developed slowly, and if I may say so, systematically, not providentially. Mozart had that immense providential inspiration; he sat down to the piano, and before the public "phantasied on any given motif." I say, although every quality of the mind is given us by Providence, there is yet a great difference between the work we accomplish through diligence, industry, and steady development of qualities born with us, and the Heaven-given facility to sit down and do the astonishing feats that Mozart did when seven years old, simply because he was empowered to do so without special trouble or hard study. Being the son, grandson, and great-grandson of hunters, the grand forest air was what Gluck first inhaled, where he first got the strength that made himself able in after life unflinchingly to encounter and sustain severer struggles; for, say what we may, the physical disposition has the principal share in the mind's success. Let any master of painting, of music, of poetry, yield himself to brandy and see what in his dullness he will produce. Let, on the other hand, a strong lad like young Gluck walk out in the early morning hours through a pine wood, and come home filled with ozone, and sit down to work, and his ideas will be strong, healthy with the wood perfume and the bloom of wild flowers on them, and they will charm every one. It is this which is often the cause of the superiority of the English education which tends to strengthen and develop the boy's muscles, because in the strong healthy body lodges the strong, healthy mind.—Temple Bar.

GOLD MEDAL

Awarded the J. C. Ayer Company at the International Exhibition in Spain.

The J. C. Ayer Company have received notice from Spain that their medical preparations have gained the gold medal at the Barcelona International Exhibition. The jury of award consisted of eminent physicians and pharmacists. This exhibition, the first of an international character ever held in Spain, was opened in April last with impressive ceremonies, in which the queen regent took part. Nearly all the high functionaries of the kingdom were present. It has been continued through the summer with great success.—Lowell Morning Mail, Oct. 17, 1888.

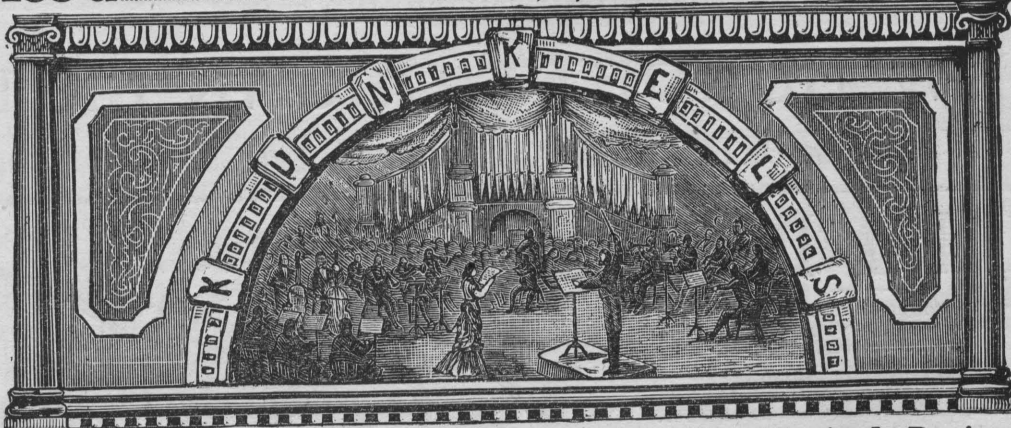
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